

## 7 Minutes in Heaven, But it's 7 Days in Florida

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## 7 Minutes in Heaven, But it's 7 Days in Florida

by [Ship\\_On\\_The\\_Sea](#)

### Summary

It's one thing flying out to another country and spending a week in your best friend's home, but it's another thing if you're in love with said best friend. That's a whole different story, but luckily, that's what this story is about.

### Notes

So originally I kinda didn't plan to write this because I wasn't sure if anyone really wanted a full story but I received so much love and positivity from that snippet I posted that I ended up riding that high and wrote the first chapter haha.

I blame any grammatical errors on my mouth being sore, I just got braces on the top half of my mouth today and shit be sore and Tylenol makes me sleepy lmao

Anyways this is like some sort of au I guess. Quick reminder that this is 100% fiction even though you're probably aware of that already, and that we don't be shoving the ship down anyone's throats. That not cool. But y'all know that already so we move on! If they mention being uncomfy with fics tho we all know what I'm doing but anyways.

I hope you enjoy!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Day 0: Gay Panic in an Airport is Not Very Cash Money

As George boarded his plane, overnight bag clutched protectively under his arm, he could only excitedly remember the events that led up to the current moment, head feeling light and butterflies flittering madly in his stomach.

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The first event, almost two weeks ago, was during a casual call between his friends, Sapnap and Dream, after they coaxed him into taking a break from coding one of his and Dream's newest ideas. The call was filled with a playful and friendly air, laughs and giggles circulating between the trio, but it wasn't until Dream began a new conversation that the call turned memorable.

"Are you guys doing anything in two weeks?" Dream casually inquired.

"No, not that I'm aware of," Sapnap replied after a moment, followed by George replying with, "No, I'm free that week, why?" Both of them figured Dream wanted to record a video one of those days, but boy oh boy, were they wrong.

"Great! Do you want to come over to my house for the week then?"

Something akin to adrenaline shot through George's chest. Was Dream- Did he really-

"Oh, hell yeah!" Sapnap's enthusiastic answer snapped George back to reality before he completely lost himself in his mind, and George swallowed nervously.

"Wait, you're serious?"

"Of course, you idiot!" Dream laughed out, a wheeze interrupting his comments. "What, did you think I was going to ask you 'Hey wanna come over?' and then be all like 'Sike, get memed!'?" George remained silent for a few moments, his head spinning as he began to truly grasp the situation.

"I think that silence is a 'yes', Dream," Sapnap teased when he didn't answer, and George sputtered out to defend himself.

"No it does not!" His yell dropped to a more flustered voice. "I'm just really surprised. I thought you didn't want us to like, meet up IRL." The call inexplicitly fell silent for what felt like hours, but in reality was only a couple of seconds, and George was tempted to keel over and die, or make a noise similar to a dying seal, whichever came first.

"You're an idiot," was Dream's delayed response, an almost unnoticeable dip in his voice as it softened slightly, "an absolute idiot." The softness didn't last though, because his voice grew back into its naturally loud and playful tone as he continued. "Of course I want to meet you in person, George!" And once more, his voice dipped back into the prior faint softness as he finished what he had to say, speaking ironically confidently, "I'm just a little shy about it."

"It's true," Sapnap backed Dream up, "When we met up for the first time, I actually couldn't believe it was him because he looked so nervous!" Sapnap began chuckling at the last half of his sentence as he went through his memories. George suppressed a laugh with a "pfft-" as Dream dragged out an accusing "Whhhaaaaat?!"

"I wasn't that nervous, Sapnap!"

"You didn't even look me in the eyes for the first thirty minutes, Dream!"

George let his friends argue as he sat back and allowed the situation to fully settle on him, causing a large smile to spread on his face. He couldn't believe it. Excited began to build in his chest, causing a small release of butterflies in his stomach. He was finally going to meet his best friend in person.

Best friend.... A small prick of guilt muted part of his excitement. He was going to meet his best friend... the one he'd fallen in love with, against all odds.

A sigh almost escaped George as the prick started to grow. Would he have still been invited if Dream knew his true feelings? Would they still even be friends? Would Dream get uncomfortable?

A violent wheeze brought George from his thoughts.

"That's it, I'm revoking my invitation from you, Snapmap!"

"Snapmap?! I told you, Dream, call me that again and we're going to have issues!"

"Oh, what are you going to do about it, huh?"

George smiled and shook his head at his friends. Enough of those thoughts.

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The second event happened a handful of days later, during another relaxed day. George had just ended a stream with himself and Dream, and was scanning the money he made through donations when he realized it was just enough for a plane ticket or two.

"Hey, Dream, look at my screen," George playfully begun, enabling the screen-sharing option and allowing Dream to look.

"What am I looking at?" Dream questioned in reply.

George circled his mouse around the amount of money he earned. "Look."

"Oh, nice amount!"

"Guess what."

"What?"

"Watch this." Dream snorted a tiny wheeze at George as his mouse shot to his bookmarks bar and clicked on the most recent one, labeled "ticket". The page went white as the screen updated, and Dream's laughter fell silent as a page filled with plane tickets loaded.

"George! Don't you dare!" Dream yelled. "I said I was paying for them!"

George simply switched his screen-sharing off. "I don't care, I'm buying one right now."

"You're a liar!" Dream accused, his voice gaining in octaves, "You're not going to buy a ticket right now."

Giggling, George found the appropriate ticket and hit purchase immediately. "But I just did, Dream."

"You're a liar!" Dream repeated, and George began to giggle harder.

"I'm not, I just did."

"George!"

"Calm down you big baby!" George laughed, "You're acting like it's the end of the world!"

"But it is!" Dream whined, dragging out his sentence in an attempt to annoy George. "I was going to buy a ticket for you!" George could hear the frown in Dream's voice, which sounded equally serious and joking.

"I'll be in Florida for a week! Just spend that money on me and Sapnap if you're so concerned!" he reasoned.

"Okay, I will." Dream replied, his tone challenging. George only rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Hey, have you bought Sapnap's ticket yet?"

"No, not yet. I was going to buy them tomor-" George cut him off as he clicked and purchased another ticket, using the rest of the money he earned in his stream.

"I just bought Sapnap a ticket."

"What is wrong with you?!" Dream nearly shrieked, and George busted out into laughter.

"Seriously, what is wrong with you?! You better be lying!"

"I'm.. Not.." George managed to say between rounds of laughter, and his reenabled his screen-sharing before leaning back with laughter after hearing Dream scream again.

"You're an idiot!" Dream said for the third time that conversation. "That's it, I'm PayPal-ing you the ticket money."

"No!" George refuted, but it was too late, because George could hear the furious clacking of keys as Dream silently typed, and moments later found his PayPal had increased.

"Dreeeeaaaaaam," George whined in defeat, "Why did you do that?"

"Because you're an idiot!" Dream said, and wheezed.

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The third event happened the day before George's flight. The three of them were discussing their plans, and a certain topic had been brought up.

"So wait, how will George know it's you, Dream?" Sapnap had suddenly brought up.

"Oh, I thought you wanted to get him from the airport since you're arriving a couple hours before him," Dream replied.

"No? I thought you would pick him up?"

"I could always Uber," George pitched in.

"You are not going to Uber to my house," Dream deadpanned playfully. "Fine, I'll pick you up. Just text me when you land and I'll call you and meet up with you inside the terminal."

"How will I know it's you though?" George questioned.

"I'll wear, like, a blue hoodie and jeans or something so I stand out more, or something," Dream replied. "I think you'll know when you see me though, regardless of clothing." A small blush wormed its way onto George's face.

"That sounded sketch," he said, and Sapnap barked out a laugh as Dream wheezed out a confused "What?!", and George joined in on the laughter with a giggle.

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That same giggle bubbled up and almost escaped George as he sat down in his seat, slotting his bag under his seat. He stared out the window and out into the mid-morning sky, a large smile on his face, feeling incredibly giddy, and trying to blissfully ignore the faint stinging of guilt in his stomach that was being drowned in butterflies.

"Just ignore those feelings, George," he silently mumbled to himself, shutting his eyes. "Don't let them ruin anything."

His eyes remained shut until his flight began, and then, George's eyes remained glued to the window as he watched the world below him, his excitement overthrowing the stinging and leaving him as nothing but large smiles and giddy glances to the elderly lady sitting next to him, who seemed sweet.

George couldn't wait.

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If there was one thing George hated the most about flying, it was the jetlag. His internal clock screamed that it was seven in the afternoon, but his phone auto-connecting to the airport's public internet told him it was only two.

So George hauled his overnight bag with him and walked to the luggage carousel, silently cursing the existence of time zones, and quickly sent Dream a text saying he was in Florida.

If there was one thing George loved most about flying, it was the excitement of other people finding out he's landed. It was only five seconds after he sent the text, not that he was counting, of course, when his phone started vibrating in his hand alerting him of an incoming call. A large smile overtook George's face as he answered.

"Hi!" Dream happily called into the phone. "Where are you?"

"I'm waiting to grab my suitcase," George replied. "Where do should we meet up?"

"Oh, I know where you're at, I just read the flight information on the board," Dream said, and George could hear some faint conversation of other people in the background. George smiled wider and finally spotted his luggage, and he stepped up to grab it. "I'll come get you, just stay put."

"Okay, but once again, how will I know it's you?" George asked.

"I'm wearing as much blue as humanly possible, like I said I would," was Dream's simple and casual reply, which caused George to laugh.

"You weren't lying when you said that?"

"Of course not! You see blue the easiest, right?"

"Y-yeah," George said, and quickly glanced around, flustered. He didn't think Dream knew that much about his colorblindness.

"Okay." The short comment from Dream made George furrow his eyebrows in confusion, and he slowly took a look around the airport again, phone still up to his ear.

There were quite a lot of people around, and George soaked up the appearance of everyone's faces before his eyes froze on a young man standing not too far from him, who was staring back at him with grayish-yellow looking eyes.

George had no clue why the man was staring at him, but holy shit was the man beautiful. Hair a light ash brown and shaggy, and a face sculpted like a renaissance statue. His skin fell on the more pale side, but was still more tanned than George's. A small, lopsided smile and teeth almost perfectly straight, as if the stranger wore braces but not to completion, was directed towards George, and the only thought that passed through his mind was that the stranger looking towards him was the most gorgeous man he's ever seen.

George then noticed the stranger was holding a phone up to his ear, the case a bright shade of yellowish-gray. Why was this man staring at him if he was on the phone with someone? He then noticed a deep, dark blue sleeve on the arm holding the phone, and took in the vivid blue color of the stranger's hoodie. Wow, that was an aggressive shade of blue.

George then noticed the bright pair of blue jeans the man wore. The dark blue of the hoodie and lighter blue of the jeans surprisingly fit well together, and he scanned his eyes down further and noticed the man was wearing a pair of crocs, blue crocs.

George's face soured slightly in confusion. Why was this man wearing nothing but blue?

Dream giving an airy chuckle made George blink, and he suddenly noticed the man's smile had grown into a very handsome grin. George blinked in greater confusion. Why did Dream laugh?

George watched the stranger as his shoulder shook subtly with a compressed laugh, and at the same time George heard Dream softly chuckle again.

"Wh-" George began to vocalize his confusion, but he was cut off.

"Hey George," Dream said softly, fondly, and George watched the stranger mouth the exact same two words at George with a face of elated admiration.

Wait.

George's eyes went wide.

*Wait.*

"Dream?" George meekly replied. The stranger's smile grew, the edges of his eyes slightly crinkling. But that man was actually no stranger, not anymore.

That man was Dream.

And George suddenly understood what people meant by gay panic. Because the most attractive man George had ever seen was his best friend, the one he just so happened to be in love with.

***Fuck.***



# Day 1: The Atmosphere in This Room is ASTRONOMICAL

## Chapter Summary

George arrives at Dream's apartment, Sapnap is a lovable little shit, and the pining has already been cranked to a 10 with no "no homo"s in sight can we get an "oh my!" in chat?

## Chapter Notes

Y'all's comments are giving me so much power I don't remember feeling so excited and motivated to write before! Before we start I just want to thank every single person who's left kudos and comments so far, you guys are the best!

Also, a note: Even though this chapter says "Day 1" and last chapter said "Day 0", these chapters take place in the same day. It's just last chapter was mostly a flashback leading up to Day 1, and I didn't think titling it "Day 0 and Partially Day 1" would've sounded as nice lmao

Also be prepared for some POV changes because that's gonna swing around like a goddamn tetherball.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was not sure what to feel when George met his eyes for the first time. It was partially due to nerves, but it also because of the way George looked at him.

He'd been watching George sweep across the terminal, analyzing the faces of the people he saw, until his gaze caught Dream's. His calm, slightly confused face froze, and relaxed into one of pure, unfiltered awe as his eyes swept from his eyes to his hair, across the curves of his face, and to his mouth that was settled in a small smile. Dream almost couldn't handle his gaze. It was powerful. And did nothing to help keep his feeling under the radar. He felt exposed, and for the first time, he felt okay about it.

But upon seeing the smile, George's face began to show confusion again, and Dream inwardly relaxed, wondering if the reaction was because he didn't realize who he was, which would be pretty funny.

He assumed that was correct after he saw more confusion take over George's expression as he noticed Dream still holding his phone to his ear, and watching it grow as he took notice of Dream's outfit. He knew he was correct when George pulled a face when he reached the crocs, and Dream quietly chuckled, feeling his smile grow. Jetlag must've gotten to him bad.

He watched George's eyes flicker back up to his face and blink, looking lost. Dream couldn't help but laugh again, though he tried his hardest to suppress it.

"Wh-" he heard George began on the phone, watching his mouth move, but interrupted, choosing

to spare him from his confusion.

“Hey George,” Dream greeted softly into the phone. As if it were a movie, he watched the confusion from his face evaporate and be replaced with pure shock.

“Dream?” Dream’s smile grew into a grin. Finally, he figured it out. Dream opened his mouth slightly, about to suggest they hang up and greet each other like a normal pair of friends, but was caught completely off guard when an unreadable expression erupted in George’s eyes and he muttered a breathless “Fuck.”

“Awha-huh?” Dream sputtered, the confusion now landing on him, along with a hot flash of feeling flustered. “What do you mean, ‘Fuck’?”

“Huh?” was George’s dumbfounded reply, and he blinked a couple of times. The unreadable glint in his eyes rapidly faded. “What?”

“What do you mean, ‘What’? You just looked at me and said ‘Fuck’!” Dream laughed.

“Oh!” George nervously exclaimed. “You just kinda caught me off guard; Nobody told me you were absolutely gorgeous.”

Both of them froze.

George began turning a bright shade of pink around his cheeks, looking slightly panicked at what he just said. Dream felt his own blush spread across cheeks and the bridge of his nose, expression akin to a deer caught in a pair of headlights as a truck barrels towards it.

“Uh, thanks,” Dream eventually said after a few moments of silence. George cleared his throat and bobbed his head.

“I guess we can hang up now.”

“Yeah.” Dream ended the call on his phone at the same time George did, and despite the fog of some sort of tension growing between them, Dream strode across the remaining distance between them and enveloped George into a hug.

It became very apparent at that moment just how much there was a height difference between them when George’s face was buried into the crook of Dream’s neck and he laid his chin on the top of George’s head, just above his ear. But that height distance felt just right, and they melted into the hug, the tension that was just around them dissolving like cotton candy throw into water. Dream gave a squeeze that was full-heartedly returned, and then they parted.

“That’s been long-awaited, hasn’t it?” Dream asked, a full grin taking his face. A large smile was returned as George nodded.

“It was,” he replied, “and I’m so happy to be here.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice,” Dream jabbed, and was met with a classic eye roll. “Speaking of notice, how did you *not* notice who I was? I’m *completely* decked in blue.”

“I... don’t know,” George slowly admitted, as if he really knew the answer. “I think jetlag got me a little too much.”

Dream wheezed, nodding and bringing a hand to cover his mouth. “You looked so lost!”

George joined in and chuckled, before swatting at Dream's arm. "Okay, let's get out of here. I swear we've been standing here for twenty minutes." Dream pulled his sleeve back and checked his watch.

"Nah, only like, four minutes." There was another swat at Dream's arm.

"You know what I mean."

Laughter followed them as Dream led them to the front of the building and to his car.

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Sapnap glanced at his phone's time again. It was almost five in the afternoon, and Dream was not back yet. Sighing, Sapnap unlocked his phone and prepared to call his friend.

But then he heard the slamming of a car door from outside Dream's small house, and pocketed his phone, sprawling even further onto the couch.

"Hey Sapnap, guess who I picked up from the airport?" Dream announced as soon as the door opened and he set one foot into the house.

"A homeless person?" Sapnap teased, and he heard George yell in offense from outside, causing him to laugh. Dream shot him a look of 'be nice' and Sapnap gave him a thumbs-up, flipping it into a thumbs-down after watching George enter the house with his luggage and bag behind him.

"Oh, so you brought home an idiot."

"It's been two seconds, and you're already bullying me," George pretended to be angry. "I vote to exile him."

"This isn't Survivor, George," Sapnap shot back.

"Yeah, but I can force you both out of my house and to book a motel room if you don't stop bickering," Dream replied casually, and he grabbed George's luggage from him. The three erupted into giggles and chuckles.

"You sound like my dad," Sapnap commented, and was swatted on the head by George's bag as the man passed him.

"Maybe he is your dad," George suggested.

"Does that mean I can call him 'daddy'?"

"Not unless you want to sleep outside!" Dream yelled from another room, his voice muffled. Sapnap and George were thrown into another fit of laughter, and they didn't calm down until after Dream returned to the living room and stood with his arms crossed.

"What is it, Blue Man Group?" Sapnap asked when he stopped laughed, and was hit by George's bag again.

"I put both of your suitcases in the spare bedroom. Do you two mind sharing a bed, or do you two want to alternate sleeping in the spare bed and on the couch?"

“Why don’t I get the spare bed,” Sapnap began, and both Dream and George expected him to finish with ‘and George gets the couch’. However, they were wrong, because what he really said was, “and you two share a bed.”

Sapnap watched Dream shoot him a look with an amused expression. What? Sapnap couldn’t help it. Dream’s crush was in the same room as him and he was not passing up the opportunity to tease the shit out of him like he did to him and Rose before they got together. Karma’s a bitch.

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“I mean, have you seen your bed? It’s a lot larger than the spare,” Sapnap reasoned, and George shifted his eyes over to Dream for his reaction.

“I mean,” was Dream’s hesitant reply, and he looked towards George. Even though his heartbeat had risen significantly with Sapnap’s suggestion, he feigned indifference and shrugged. After a lingering look, Dream looked back towards Sapnap. “as long as George doesn’t mind, because I don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind,” George said, trying his hardest to not show his nerves. He didn’t know how he was going to handle this week now. “Well okay, that’s settled then,” Sapnap casually concluded, “I get the spare bed, and you two’ll sleep together.”

Sapnap was hit once more by George’s overnight bag, his screech of “Don’t phrase it like that, you idiot!” carrying throughout the whole house, trying his hardest not to blush. Sapnap grabbed the bag from George’s hand, sat up, and whacked George on the shoulder with it, before throwing it across the room and startling a sleeping Patches as the bag missed her by a couple of feet, which caused George and Sapnap to profusely apologize as Dream gave them a death glare.

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Two hours passed in the house, and Dream quickly learned an important fact: When Sapnap wasn’t in the room, the atmosphere starts turning strange.

He first learned this when he left George and Sapnap on the couch, watching whatever was on TV, and pulled some store-bought pizza from his freezer, turning the oven on pre-heat while he got the food from the box and placed it on a tray. As he was waiting for the oven to finish pre-heating, he heard George whine from the next room, “Dreeeeeeeeeam” and turned to watch him sulk into the kitchen.

“Sapnap’s being mean to me,” he whined, and crossed his arms with a pout. Dream gave a small laugh and George faked an offended gasp. “You dare mock me? You’re canceled.” Dream continued to chuckle and George joined in, before they fell into a comfortable silence. Dream leaned over the island in the middle of the small kitchen and supported his head with the palm of his hand, elbow resting on the smooth countertop. During that moment, all he could do was truly appreciate George’s existence. His presence felt like silk being draped over his heart and soul, and ever since they got into the car it’s been impossibly hard to look away from his rich eyes and wide smile. He was so preoccupied he didn’t notice George subtly relax under his gaze, as if he was under a spell, and begin to lean against the counter as well. What Dream did notice, however, was

that the atmosphere around them had suddenly changed into something he couldn't really name, but it wasn't a negative air.

But that atmosphere quickly disappeared when the oven beeped, and caused both of them to jolt in surprise. Blinking, Dream turned back around to put the very large pizza in the oven and George returned to the living room, a "What's that look on your face about?" coming from Sapnap.

Dream also learned an hour later when the pizza was eaten by all three of them and while they casually watched a random movie. Sapnap had excused himself to the bathroom and left Dream and George alone on the couch, sitting side-by-side.

Without Sapnap's constant commentary on the movie, Dream noticed George quickly becoming drowsy from jetlag, and his heart softened. He leaned over into George's side, looped his arm around his back, and gently pulled George over to rest on him. Being too sleepy to really care, George relaxed into his newfound heat source and snuggled his head into Dream's shoulder, arm closest to him curling around his and gently enclosing it in a hug.

The atmosphere slowly returned the more Dream stared at George's resting face on his shoulder, and Dream found himself growing a little sleepy despite not feeling tired. Like their embrace at the airport, Dream felt himself melt into George, and a dozey smile worked its way on his face as his turned his gaze back to the TV. A fuzzy feeling spread from his stomach outward, and Dream didn't want anything other than to sink down and wrap his other arm around George and tangle their legs together-

Dream snapped from his own thoughts. No, no, he wasn't going to think about that, no matter how much he wanted it. George was his best friend, and there was no way he returned his feelings in the slightest...

Even though what he said at the airport did seem a bit suspicious.

Dream slightly shook his head. No. Don't think about that, it probably meant nothing.

...Unless?

Sapnap snickering saved Dream from an argument with himself, and he looked over to see his friend looking at him and George with an amused expression. The atmosphere once again fizzed out, and Sapnap sat back down at the far end of the couch, mouthing the word 'suffer' at Dream. Dream only shook his head at him.

Seriously, why did Sapnap even tease him about it? George is his friend too, shouldn't he be worried about how confessing would affect the trio's friendship?

But it was only jokes, so it's fine. At least, that's what Dream's reasoning was, as he looked back towards the TV.

The third time was when the other two of them decided to go to sleep a couple of hours later, growing bored of watching movies. Sapnap had simply risen from the couch, waved goodnight, and slinked to the spare bedroom, leaving Dream with George fast asleep on him, their positions remaining unchanged except for George's head had rolled back and buried deeper into Dream's numbed shoulder.

Dream didn't know what to do. Should he wake him? Try to carry him? Leave him? Growing immediately flustered at the second option and hating the third, Dream gently shook the shoulder his hand rested on.

Stirring, George left his spot laying against Dream and rubbed his eyes, hiding a yawn behind a hand. “What time is it?”

“Around midnight. You fell asleep for a couple hours.”

“Oh,” George mumbled, sleepy.

“C’mon, let’s head to bed. I know you’re still tired.”

An incoherent groan of agreement came from George, and Dream got off the couch, watching George slowly follow.

“You’re half-asleep, aren’t you?” Dream gently laughed, keeping his voice gentle and quiet.

“Mmm-hmm.” A fond smile spread over Dream’s face. George was cute when he was sleepy-

Nope don’t think about that.

It took a minute, but Dream slowly led a practically sleepwalking George to his room and opened his door, entering. George followed, and Dream left the door cracked open in case Patches wanted to sleep on the bed later in the night.

He directed George to the bed and once he got his hand on the mattress, Dream grabbed a pair of gray sweatpants and snuck out of the room and into the bathroom to change out of his jeans. He refused to sleep in those. He kept the sweater on, though, it was really comfy.

When he returned and cracked the door back, he was met with George fast asleep in his bed, only taking up half of the space. Sappap was right, his bed was big enough to fit them.

Feeling drowsiness grow on him, Dream made his way over to his side of the bed and slowly climbed in so he wouldn’t disturb George. Dream shifted from his back over to his right side, facing away from George, and got comfy.

Until he felt an arm drop over his side and stomach and George to snuggle up to his back.

Then Dream was as stiff as a board, the phrase ‘what the fuck’ playing in his head on repeat like a broken CD. About a minute later, Dream attempted to Grab George’s arm and remove it from him, but was met with a surprising amount of resistance and a troubled noise coming from George. That was right in Dream’s ear.

So Dream dropped George’s hand and laid still. Not too long had passed when George shifted again, pressing closer to Dream and resting his face to where every warm exhale passed over the back of Dream’s neck.

And from a combination of growing tiredness and that particular atmosphere returning, Dream felt himself relax and press his back gently into George’s chest, and he drifted off, thoughts slowly becoming incoherent as dreams took over his consciousness.

## Chapter End Notes

Congrats, you made it! I hope you enjoyed! As stated before, comments are really appreciated (they’re basically fuel for my writing motivation lmao).

And also, I want to hear some ideas from you guys because I honestly have no, and I repeat, NO IDEAS of what the boys should do for the week, I jumped without thinking and your girl has now realized that wasn't the best idea.

Anyways, have a great day/night! I love you!

PS: I noticed while writing the second chapter that I've accidentally created a continuity error. In this story they are aware that they like each other, but in the snippet this is based on they weren't aware until after they almost kissed. So you know what that means! I'm going to write another version of that to fit this story because I refuse to go back and rewrite what've I already done!! So surprise, more content!

PSS: I finished writing just as Dream uploaded his PO Box unboxing video so of course I watched it and I'm laughing so fucking hard because I know so many stans are losing it over his hands being in the video

## Day 2: That Moment When You Realize You're the Third Wheel

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap realizes he's the third wheel, and the trio go to the beach.

### Chapter Notes

Yaaaay another chapter!! Hello everyone!

This has been so fun to write, and I love every single one of you who've left kudos and comments!

This chapter took a little longer to write because I wasn't sure what to do with it, but luckily someone gave me an idea and I went for it!

Anyways, as always, I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George did not want to get up, or even move for that matter. The entire front of his body was so warm from the rather... long pillow he was laying stomach-first on, face turned to the right. George pressed his face further into his heat source, and inhaled softly, his scent being filled with vanilla. George liked that scent.

As he began to drift off again, George felt his pillow stir from under him, and inhale deeply-

Wait, what?

George sleepily lifted his head off warm fabric and looked up, and realized two things.

The first was that the pillow he was laying on wasn't a pillow, it was Dream's body.

The second was that Dream was looking back at him, sharing an equally sleepy look as his brain began booting itself up. George was suddenly hyperaware that Dream's right hand was resting on top of his left side, and his brain froze even more.

And as Dream continued to wake up and take in the situation, the more George remained frozen, silently repeating a string of curses in his mind.

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Dream didn't remember his blanket feeling so warm, or so weighted. Or why his blanket also felt like a hand cradling his left shoulder and an arm resting on his arm, or why it also felt like another arm, outstretched, laying across his left shoulder.

Dream suddenly felt his blanket shift, and nuzzle his chest.



Dream's eyes opened. That wasn't a blanket.

His breath hitched as Dream realized that George was what he assumed was his blanket, the older man laying practically on top of him and curled into his chest.

Moments later, Dream realized that George was also looking at him, gaze steadily growing sharper as he woke up.

They stared at each other, silent. Dream felt the now-familiar atmosphere begin to swirl around them again, and to spare him of looking into those beautiful eyes, he turned his head to the left and read the time on his alarm clock that sat beside the bed. It read a quarter to seven in the morning.

It was way too early for this.

Dream's head flopped back down onto his pillow, and he closed his eyes again. Too early, he'll deal with this later.

Besides, the silence and staring wasn't uncomfortable anymore, it just felt strange. Pleasantly strange.

"It's too early to be awake," Dream mumbled. "Go back to sleep." He took one last deeper breath, and rather quickly drifted off again, and as his mind teetered on the edge of consciousness, Dream could've sworn he felt pure and utter happiness when he felt George's head rest on his chest and hand on his shoulder lightly grip the fabric of his sweater, shooting warm chills across his shoulders and up his neck.

Yeah, he'd deal with this later.

---

When they woke up again, almost three hours had passed, and they were in the same positions they fell asleep.

Dream was the first to wake the second time around, and after opening his eyes and seeing George's sleeping face rest oh so gently on his chest, his left hand still clutching some of his sweater, Dream wished time would stop, so he could enjoy the moment even more.

But that wasn't going to happen. So instead, Dream let his eyes shut, and he nudged in the side with his hand.

"Let me up," he quietly muttered. George wasn't having it though, and let out a loud annoyed groan, burying his face into Dream's chest and grabbing his sweater tighter.

"George," Dream tried again, a little louder, "can you get off me? I want to get up." A smaller, sleepy groan was George's response. Dream began to laugh.

"Hey, don't you dare go back to sleep on me," he said, and nudged George again. George didn't reply, and Dream nudged him again, a little harder. Opening his eyes again, he was greeted by George lifting his head and looking at Dream through half-lidded eyes. George huffed, and rested his chin on Dream's chest.

"Morning, you deadweight," Dream greeted with a smile, a strange feeling rising in his stomach

and flowing up to his chest. As much as he wanted to look away, he couldn't. He was captivated.

George blinked, waking up more. "What time is it?"

"Almost ten in the morning."

"Mmm."

George was aware he was cuddling Dream, he was rather hyperaware of it. But he chose not to care, at least right then and there, because oh god he was so comfortable, and it was hard staying awake.

"Can you get off me, George?" Dream asked politely.

"No, I'm comfy," George answered, He saw a look flash in Dream's eyes, but before he could comment on it, George suddenly found his left side being grabbed by the hand that had been nudging him and he was forcefully rolled onto his right side. Triumphantly, Dream grabbed George's hand from his grasp on his sweater, gently released his hold, and got up, leaving a stunned George to watch him stride out the room.

Okay, now it was time to care, and better yet, panic. George brought his hand to his face and passed it up and through his hair. What the fuck was that?

And why did his chest feel so light, and why was a smile beginning to grow on his face?

---

"I was wondering when you were going to get up." Sapnap watched Dream jump, startled. His gaze shot over to Sapnap, slightly bewildered, and he snickered. "I thought you'd already be up by now."

"I would've been up a little earlier, but it's hard getting up when you're pinned down to the bed," Dream replied, and they both fell silent.

"That-" Sapnap began to tease, as Dream's face rapidly grew red.

"Not like that!" Dream practically yelled, looking extremely flustered. But Sapnap was already aware of that. He'd gotten up almost an hour ago, and when he left the guest bedroom he poked his head into Dream's room to see if anyone else was awake, and was surprised at the sight of them cuddling quite intimately.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Sapnap reassured, waving his hand dismissively. "I poked my head in the room a while ago and saw you two." Dream's blush only deepened.

"We're not talking about that," he begged. Sapnap gave him a shit-eating grin.

"Why not? It's not every day you get to cuddle your crush like that."

"You're sleeping outside tonight," Dream deadpanned, and turned to walk into the kitchen.

"What did he do now?" a new voice pitched in, and Sapnap turned his head to see George appearing from the hallway.

"Everything, he's the worst person ever and I don't know why I even invited him," was Dream's

joking reply, and George giggled.

"Because you love me, and I'm your favorite," Sapnap only teased back.

"No, George is my favorite." Sapnap watched George's cheeks rapidly grow pink, and he internally raised an eyebrow.

"You didn't deny loving me," he continued to tease, his eyes remaining on George, who had turned to face the opening of the kitchen, most likely looking at Dream.

"That's because I do," Dream said honestly, "I love you, and I also love George."

This time Sapnap physically raised an eyebrow at George when his blush deepened and he ran a hand nervously through his hair.

"Awww, I love you too, Dream!" Sapnap called, trying to hide his confusion.

"Wow, at least take me out first before you tell me you love me," Dream laughed from the kitchen as the fridge closed with a soft sound. Sapnap snorted at his joke, and kept his eyes on George. When he noticed George's expression, his eyes widened in surprise.

His expression.... Sapnap's seen that look before. He's seen Rose give him the same look many, many times. A look of pure, unfiltered love.

Wait a minute.

Wait a damn minute. This week just got way more interesting.

---

"Dream, what do you mean you don't know what we're doing today?" Sapnap asked, as the three stood in the kitchen eating a quick breakfast Dream threw together, eggs and toast. He took a sip of his coffee and took another bite of his buttered toast.

"Well, I didn't want to force you guys to do something you don't want to do, so I'm letting you two make the plans this week," was Dream's reply as he grabbed his empty plate and cup and walked to the sink, rinsing them off.

"But I don't know what's all in Florida," George said. He shoved the remained of his toast piled high with sweet jam into his mouth and downed it with the apple juice Dream had bought.

"How about the beach, then? The weather today is perfect for it."

"I'm down for it," Sapnap said, followed by George saying "That sounds good".

"Great," Dream replied, smiling. "Let's get ready, and we can head out."

---

George was going to die.

"It's so hot!" he whined, fanning himself with his hand. "How are you two wearing pants, it feels like an oven out here!"

"It's not hot, it's just humid," came the infamous reply from Dream as he turned the car down another road. "You just get used to it, eventually."

"Heathens," George commented under his breath, and Dream and Sapnap snickered. George was sitting in the front passenger seat of the car, Sapnap in the back, seats chosen after a very intense game of rock-paper-scissors, which almost became something more along the lines of "rock-paper-I'm going to hit you with my shoe". George shook his head at their laughs with a smile, and took his umpteenth glance at Dream, his smile growing softer.

Sapnap pretended he wasn't watching with a highly amused grin.

The rest of the car ride was filled with the same style of lighthearted bickering and jokes, and George complaining about the heat, having ended up yelling "Well you go to London for a week and see just how not hot it is!" at Sapnap, causing him to playfully slap George on the shoulder and for Dream to go into an intense fit of laughter as he pulled the car into a decent parking spot, having arrived at the beach.

Surprisingly, the beach wasn't as crowded as Dream suspected it to be, which was always a good thing. Deciding to treat his friends, he herded them over to the nearby snow-cone stand that marked the beginning of a long boardwalk, which the trio took the liberty of strolling down as they ate their flavored ice.

"Jesus, it's so hot out here," George once again complained. Rolling his eyes, Sapnap dug his fingers into his snow-cone and grabbed a small pile of ice.

"Here this will cool you off," he casually replied, and shoved his hand down the back of George's shirt through the neck hole, causing George to shriek bloody murder when the ice was smeared all over his back.

"SAPNAP WHAT THE HELL!" Dream completely George's enraged shriek with a violent wheeze, doubling over and clutching his stomach. George dropped his angry facade and laughed with Dream, watching him fail to keep his composure with a large smile and sparkling eyes.

"What, no 'thank you'?" Sapnap asked once Dream was able to breathe again.

"No, you're getting a 'fuck you' instead," George replied.

"I swear I just heard Bad yell 'language!' in my head," Dream commented, voice trembling slightly with fear. The three of them started laughing, finishing up their snow-cones and throwing them away.

They continued to walk around some, Sapnap watching his two friends cast the same yearning look when the other wasn't looking, and he wanted to laugh hysterically at them.

Oh god, he had to help them out, it was killing him.

"I want to build a sandcastle," he began, catching the attention of the other two. The three of them stopped walking, and Sapnap knew he had their interests.

"What, are you five?" Dream joked, but genuinely seemed interested.

"I'm five and a half, thank you very much!" Sapnap sarcastically replied. George rolled his eyes,

giggling. "But seriously, let's have, like, a sandcastle-building competition."

"Will this competition end with sabotage and someone having to sleep outside?" George asked.

"No promises," Sapnap answered with a grin.

"Let's do it," Dream said with a shrug. The three of them shared a competitive look, and simultaneously began sprinting towards the ocean for wet sand.

---

It had been ages since Dream built a sandcastle on the beach, but he wasn't going to let that stop him.

And neither was the fact that George looked unfairly attractive in the sun as he smiled competitively at the sand, dragging his hands up and down the pile of sand he was trying to coax into a castle.

Okay, Dream lied, George kept distracting him to the point he couldn't work on his own sandcastle for more than five minutes straight.

By the time Sapnap called time to be over, it was around four in the afternoon. Two hours had passed, but it only felt like thirty minutes to Dream. All three of them stood, and George and Dream walked over to Sapnap's castle.

It was.... okay. It was obvious he tried to build something, and if that something was a mutilated pile of sand then he would've won first place. But it was a sandcastle contest, so Sapnap casually shrugged while George and Dream snickered at his lump of sand.

"That's just pathetic," Dream wheezed.

"Well excuse me, I didn't grow up around beaches," Sapnap defended, but nonetheless snorted.

The three then walked over to George's castle, which looked a lot better compared to Sapnap's. His did look more like a castle, if castles looked more like solid cubes with a large chunk missing from the bottom.

"What the hell happened down there?" Sapnap commented, point to the missing chunk of sand.

"That's the door," was George's reply, acting like it was obvious. Dream and Sapnap laughed, and George joined in with a giggle.

When they got to Dream's, he barely had time to take in his own handiwork before George stumbled into his castle, tripping on the sand and fall face-first.

"George! My castle!" Dream yelled. "What is wrong with you?"

"Sapnap pushed me!" George yelled back, brushing sand from his face and he quickly stood up. Dream turned to look at Sapnap, who was standing beside George's sandcastle.

"No I didn't, you lying jerk!" Sapnap called. Dream turned back to George, who was still trying to get the sand off him. Playfully, Dream kicked some sand at George's ankle.

He was met with a fiery gaze, and sand being kicked back.

It took no time for Dream and George to dissolve into chasing each other on the beach trying to shove fistfuls of sand down each other's shirts or in their hair. Sapnap calmly watched from a distance phone out and recording so he could send it to Bad later.

And it only a matter of time until one of them tripped. The victim was George, who tripped from getting his foot caught on wet sand, and stumbled. Not anticipating the action, Dream couldn't stop in time and rammed into George, knocking them both over, Dream catching himself with his hands.

George had turned during their fall, and had fallen on his back. With the way Dream caught himself, he was holding his body up with his arms stationed on either side of George's shoulders. Their eyes grew wide when they analyzed their position, but as Dream prepared to get up, he looking into George's eyes warmed heavenly by the evening sun, and suddenly found himself unable to get up as the reoccurring air from earlier and the day before settled between them. Dream couldn't move away, couldn't look away.

His eyes slowly roamed George's face and took in every little detail. The many hues of brown in his eyes, the fair amount of sand peppered throughout his dark hair like snow, and the sand stuck to his face. His gaze hovered over his soft-looking lips parted slightly in surprise, and a warm urge suddenly leapt from his stomach into his chest.

Dream.... wanted to kiss him.

Right as the realization of that hit Dream, so did a wave of ocean water, and Dream was snapped back to reality as he yelped and George shrieked. Dream quickly scrambled and stood up, holding a hand out for George. He accepted the hand without much thought, and was pulled up.

Dream chose to ignore and not think about what just happened, he didn't want to give himself false hope or egg himself on. Instead, he wheezed at how soaked George had become, and suggested the trio make their way back to the car to grab some dinner and head home.

Luckily Dream had a little foresight, and laid a towel on his and George's seats before they sat down so the seats wouldn't get wet. Dream didn't care if sand got into the car, that was inevitable, but wet and sandy seats? A nightmare from Hell.

---

George had no clue what just happened. One moment, he was running from Dream, and the next, he was on his back laying in the sand, Dream on top of him. His eyes grew wide as he took in the moment. Their positions...

George wanted to move, to slip out from under Dream, but for some reason he couldn't move, he was glued to the spot as he watched Dream's eyes slowly scan his face, irises brighter since they spent the day in the sun. Combining that with the angle of the sun lighting him up beautifully, the only thought going through George's mind was 'He's so beautiful'.

But the thought changed when his eyes shifted to his lips, which were set almost to a pout. They looked smooth. 'I want to kiss him.'

George didn't realize what he was thinking until after the wave hit him, and until after Dream helped him to his feet. He didn't realize until he sat down in the car, glanced at Dream, focussed on

his smile as he replied to something Sapnap said, and had the thought invade his mind again.

He was fucked. Utterly fucked.

---

"McDonald's or Wendy's?" Dream asked as he pulled from the parking lot, glancing at George while he stared out the window, looking lost in thought.

"Wendy's!" Sapnap shouted, making George jolt, startled.

"Huh?"

"McDonald's or Wendy's, George?" Dream asked again, although he already knew the answer.

"McDonald's, duh!"

Dream snickered. "Well Sapnap, it's two against one. Looks like we're having McDonald's tonight." He glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw Sapnap giving him a knowing look. He made sure Sapnap could see his eyes, and then rolled them at him. Sapnap rolled his eyes back.

There wasn't as much conversation in the car as there was earlier in the day, since they were hungry and their energy levels had dropped significantly. George ended up resting his head on the window, dozing off, and Sapnap was preoccupied on his phone for most of the ride, only looking up when Dream handed him two bags of food to hold for the ride back to his apartment.

It was half-past seven in the evening when the three arrived back. Repeating events from the night before, they ate, and turned on random movies to watch after they showered off all the sand and seawater they collected during the day. The only difference was that when George dozed off on the couch, Dream had already fallen asleep minutes prior, and Sapnap, being a great friend, shut off the TV and ventured to his bed.

And if Dream had woken up while Sapnap turned the TV off, he didn't show it. He only shifted when he heard the closing of a door, and that was only to wrap his arm around George and pull him closer to him, ignoring the way his heart fluttered in delight when George happily cuddled further into him, instead telling himself he had a wonderful day and allowing sleep to take over his body.

## Chapter End Notes

So, what do you guys think about Sapnap interacting more with the story? Do you guys like it, or do you prefer him to take the backseat and just going along for the ride?

Also, updates might slow down soon, as the books I need to do my summer assignments for school are about to arrive, and I'll be working on that during the day as well as writing. That doesn't mean I'll stop updating though, hell no!

Anyways, have a great day/night, and I love you!!





## Day 3: Falling Both Physically and Metaphorically At a Roller Rink is Kinda Cool, To Be Honest With You

### Chapter Summary

The boys go to a roller rink, George saves the day, and Sapnap watches his idiot friends be idiots.

### Chapter Notes

(jfc this is my third time trying to publish this chapter AO3 I beg you-)

Hi everyone! I'M BACK AGAIN!!! And with a new chapter! Haha, I refuse to stop writing, I am too fueled by positive comments.

Speaking of that, when I chose my profile picture I randomly chose it, but turns out it's perfect because it perfectly sums up my mood when I read everyone's comments because I love you guys so much!!!

Anyways, less talking, let's get on to the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Damn, they stayed on the couch all night?” Sapnap said to himself as he walked into the living room, stretching. It was just a little after eleven in the morning, and Sapnap, the early riser, was craving coffee. And breakfast. His cravings were forgotten, however, as he noticed the two densest people in the world laying together on the couch. He watched them peacefully sleep for a moment before he took out his phone, snapped a picture, and walked into the kitchen to fix a pot of coffee and cook and three of them something to eat.

While he waited for the coffee to be made, he took a seat at the kitchen island and pulled up his most recent conversation with Bad, and sent the video he recorded the other day, the message ‘Look at these muffins Bad I’m going to die’ attached. A very quiet beep of the coffee machine finishing made Sapnap put his phone down, and he made himself a cup of caffeinated bean water.

Sitting back down, he picked his phone up and noticed Bad had replied.

‘Silly muffins! I’m not sure why they’re going to make you die tho :\’

Why was he friends with people so dense?

‘Do you not know?’ Sapnap typed back. He got a response a minute later.

‘Of course, I’m not blind! >:( I just don’t understand why they’re going to kill you, they’ll figure it out eventually!’

Scratch that, Bad wasn’t as dense as Sapnap thought.

---

The warm smell of coffee slowly woke Dream up, and he paused for a moment after opening his eyes to remember where he was. Once he remembered that he was on his couch in his living room, he also remembered that he fell asleep on George, and was suddenly aware of said man cuddling his side.

Is this going to be a thing the whole week?

Trying his hardest not to wake George, Dream practically slid off the couch and onto the floor before standing. George stirred some, but if he actually woke up, he didn't reveal it.

Dream walked into the kitchen to find Sapnap snickering at his phone, a cup of coffee beside him.

"Mornin'," Dream greeted, earning an amused "Hey" from Sapnap. Deciding coffee would be a nice drink despite being caffeine intolerant, he grabbed a mug from one of his cabinets and made himself his own cup, taking the appropriate medicine to fight the negative effects of his drink, and reaching down to rub Patches when she entered the room and rubbed on his leg.

"Are we still going to skate today?" Sapnap asked while pocketing his phone after Dream stood back up to his full height. Dream suddenly remembered one of the three's conversations the night before, one of them being what the plan for tomorrow was. Skating had been the champion decision.

"Yeah, unless you've changed your mind," Dream replied. Sapnap shook his head, and Dream took a sip of coffee before he set the mug down and stretched his arms over his head.

"You want me to cook us some breakfast," Sapnap began, his voice phrased as a question before it dropped into a teasing tone, "or does that violate some sort of unspoken rule here?"

"Haha," Dream deadpanned sarcastically, and opened the fridge, "that is very hilarious."

"But you didn't say I was wrong." Dream ignored Sapnap's tease and pulled a box of toaster waffles from the freezer.

"Oooooo, yes please!" Sapnap commented quietly, making Dream wheeze slightly, and he plugged his toaster into one of the kitchen's outlets. As he put the first two waffles in the toaster, Sapnap spoke up again. "So, how'd you two lovebirds sleep?"

"We're not lovebirds, Sap," Dream said playfully, although Sapnap noted a yearnful undertone to his comment. He almost sighed out of annoyance.

"I don't know why you're so convinced he doesn't like you back," Sapnap said instead, genuinely wondering. He watched his friend hesitate, back turned to him and towards the toaster.

"Because he doesn't?" was Dream's confused reply, and if Sapnap were in a sitcom he would've broken the fourth wall by staring at the camera with a done expression. But since he wasn't, he didn't, but he did rub his hand across his face and huff.

Before he could continue, the toaster went off and popped the waffles up, now deliciously at the perfect temperature. Dream grabbed a paper plate and quickly picked the waffles up and placed them on the plate, shaking his hand afterwards to relieve the slight burning in his fingertips. He slid

the plate to Sapnap and put two more in the toaster. He made his way to the fridge.

“Syrup and honey are on the counter, forks are in the drawer,” he said, and grabbed the jug of apple juice from the fridge, placing it on the island, before fetching a red plastic cup and placing it on the island beside the juice. “Butter’s in the fridge if you want to add some on there too.”

“M’kay,” Sapnap replied, and got up, grabbing the syrup and a fork and sitting down with them. “What are you doing? You already have a cup of coffee.”

“This is for George,” Dream casually said as he poured a glass of apple juice. The toaster went off again, and Dream plated another two waffles, before putting a final pair in and putting the box back in the freezer. Sapnap had another urge to find a camera and give it an ‘Are you kidding me?’ look.

---

“Hey, George, wake up,” George woke up to Dream saying, Dream’s hand shaking his shoulder gently. “Breakfast is in the kitchen.” George cracked an eye open to see Dream standing above him with a smile, a brownish-gray plastic cup in his hand. The cup was inched towards him. “Here, I got you some apple juice.”

A feeling of warmth spread throughout George’s body, and he smiled, sitting up. He stretched his arms out in front of him and Dream gave him the cup, smile not leaving his face.

“Good morning,” George greeted, and took a sip of his drink, his smile growing into a dopey grin when he confirmed that yep, it’s apple juice. “What’s for breakfast?”

“Toaster waffles,” Dream answered, his smile growing slightly lopsided. “I think you need to hurry up, though, or Sapnap might steal yours.”

“I heard that!” Sapnap yelled from the kitchen, making the two in the other room laugh. George stood up with his drink and George followed Dream into the kitchen. Luckily, Sapnap hadn’t stolen his waffles.

“We have syrup, honey, and butter,” Dream continued to speak to George, “and forks are in the drawer closest to the sink.”

George walked over and grabbed the honey from the counter and sat in on one of the stools, sliding his plate closer to him while placing his cup on the table.

“We’re still up for skating, right?” he asked as he poured a generous amount of honey on his waffles, ignoring the fake gag Sapnap sent his way.

“Yep!” Dream said excitedly, and he made his own plate of waffles, choosing to add a little butter but refraining from adding syrup or honey. “And if we get bored, there’s a bowling alley not too far down the road.”

George winced. “I remember when I was younger and my cousin almost dropped a bowling ball on my foot.”

“Wow, can’t believe they missed,” Sapnap teased, and was threatened by two forks being aimed towards him like knives. “Okay, okay, I’ll chill.”

Dream snorted.

“But no promises.”

George groaned.

---

“Last night when I asked if you skate I meant if you’ve skated recently, not when you were like, four or something.”

“Sapnap I swear to god-” George began to whine after he fell on his ass for the third time since they got onto the rink, which was around ten minutes ago. He was cut off when Sapnap held out his hand to help George, and he took it, getting up with ease. Sapnap laughed at George’s expression and shoved him forward, causing Sapnap and move back and George to shoot forward and almost into Dream, who had stopped in front of them when George fell. That made the three of them laugh, and they continued skating.

Sapnap didn’t really expect Dream to be too good at skating, but was surprised to find the taller man could literally skate circles around him and George. Turns out local Florida man was also a local at the rink, to the point he could casually catch up chatting to employees while putting his skates on.

Sapnap also knew George wasn’t falling because he was bad at skating. If you spent all your time watching someone skate and not where you’re going, you’re going to fall. And George had his eyes glued to Dream, who practically glowed under the blacklight with his white t-shirt. He kept staring in the car again, too.

If only Dream noticed.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Dream round the curve of the rink, doing a neat trick and skating backwards by him and George, and as he passed George Sapnap caught Dream giving him a wink.

Not even ten seconds later Sapnap was helping George up again.

“Jesus Christ, George, would you stop ogling him for five minutes and watch where you’re going?” Sapnap asked when George was standing again.

“What?! I’m not staring!” he lied, and Sapnap saw his face deepen with color despite the room being dark.

“Do you think I’m blind?”

George opened his mouth to say something, but then shut his mouth when the words Sapnap said registered.

“Oh, is it that obvious?” he asked nervously.

“It wasn’t when we are in calls but man, you keep looking at him like he’s the love of your life and I’m surprised he hasn’t caught you staring yet.”

“Oh... Wait, you’re not mad or anything?”

“Huh?”

“Uh-”

“Hell no I’m not mad, you two are literally perfect together, holy shit.” George’s face grew darker with a furious blush.

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Sapnap honestly answered, and looked around to see where Dream was. He was surprised to find him not skating around, but cornered to the wall by a young woman, and Dream was looking really uncomfortable and glancing for escape routes. When their gazes collided Sapnap could see the cry for help in his eyes from across the building.

“George, c’mon,” Sapnap said, and grabbed George’s wrist. They skated over and stopped roughly five feet from Dream to assess the situation.

“It’s so hard to believe a man like yourself doesn’t have a girl,” the woman sweet-talked. Dream gave them a pleading glance, and Sapnap could see the angered undertone.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve already told you, I’m not interested.”

Oh. Poor Dream.

“George, you do something,” Sapnap whispered.

“Why me?!” George whispered back.

“I don’t know, you’re smarter than me!” Sapnap reasoned, and put a hand on his back, giving him a hard shove forward.

George was able to stop himself from barreling into Dream, the second close call that day, and suddenly, a very stupid plan was formed in his mind.

George let himself slide in next to Dream and he snaked his around his waist, pulling them together until their sides were plastered together. A large smile was forced on George’s face as he looked between the surprised woman and an equally surprised Dream.

“Hey *babe*, who’s this?” George asked to Dream, eyes shifting to stare at the woman on the word ‘this’. “Is she a friend of yours?”

Neither Sapnap or Dream could’ve predicted that. Sapnap’s eyes went wide, slapping a hand over his mouth to prevent a laugh from escaping, and Dream looked like he got shot, his face growing red.

The woman, looking mortified and embarrassed, quietly stepped back and skated away, and left Dream and George where they were.

George removed his arm from around Dream and turned to Sapnap as he rolled up, glancing over to Dream and watching him fail to recompose himself, looking like the definition of gay panic. Jesus christ Dream was gone. George might’ve fallen physically at the roller rink, but Dream looked like he just fell in love right then and there.

“I guess I scared her off, huh?” George asked Sapnap, who nodded with a laugh.

“She looked so embarrassed!” Speaking of embarrassed, Sapnap glanced at Dream again, who

looked to finally be calming down. “I think for the rest of our time here though, you two will need to hold hands.”

“Huh?” George and Dream both replied, and George turned to give a quick glance at Dream, giving him a small smile when their eyes met that caused Dream to go into a second round of gay panic when George looked away. Sapnap had trouble hiding a shit-eating grin.

“You two have to sell it, or she might find out you lied and try again,” Sapnap said.

“Oh, makes sense,” Dream replied, and Sapnap mentally gave him a gold medal for being able to speak. The poor man looked too flustered to even think.

“Well, okay then,” George said, and next thing Sapnap knew George had grabbed Dream’s hand and was skating with him around the rink.

Sapnap mentally thanked the woman for helping him, although her tactics weren’t that appreciated.

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He was going to die, he was going to combust into flames and die. The thousands of butterflies in his stomach and the strange feeling that spread from his chest and into the butterflies were going to catch him on fire, and he was going to die.

Dream could barely think as George led him around the rink, George’s right hand gripping his left. All he could feel was George’s hand, the strange feelings in his chest and stomach, and the friction of his skates against the laminated floor.

“You’re quiet, you alright?” George asked, and he met his gaze.

Dream didn’t realize he was staring.

“Yeah,” he desperately searched for an excuse. “I’m just still a little bothered about that lady.”

“Yeah, I hate when people do that,” George replied, taking the bait, “It’s so rude!” George made an exasperated face, and Dream laughed at it, which helped him relax. They continued to skate, holding hands, and talked about random topics, ranging from future video ideas to the perfect place to visit on a vacation.

At some point, Dream let go of George’s hand to stretch his arms over his head, and George watched the bottom of Dream’s shirt ride up and expose the bottom of his torso.

Sapnap then got to watch the wonderful sight of George skating face-first into the wall and falling for the fifth time that day.

Dream started cackling, slowing to a stop beside George. “Watch where you’re going you idiot!” he yelled, and his laughter intensified, evolving into a set of wheezes that sounded fatal.

Sapnap watched Dream lower himself to the ground and roll onto his back, growing hysterical from laughter. Chuckling at the infectious laughter, he looked up to George, who was sitting and staring at Dream with the very same expression Dream wore earlier.

Oh?

Looks like George fell again, head over heels this time. Sapnap only rolled his eyes with a fond smile, and gave them another minute before checking his watch and skating over to them to announce the time was currently half past four in the evening, and that they should get going if they wanted to catch dinner and go bowling.

They left the roller rink with smiles, and as Sapnap got into the car and pulled out his phone to text Bad about the shit he'd seen today he knew that for the entire car ride George was going to be staring at Dream.

He was right, of course.

---

Compared to the roller rink, the bowling alley was anti-climatic. Sure, they enjoyed some great sushi at the local restaurant, and then enjoyed a surprisingly competitive game of bowling, but in terms of soul-tingling, breathtaking moments, there was only one. And Sapnap had the joy of watching and recording it.

Dream, despite being competitive, was very encouraging towards George getting a strike, sharing the rise of fall of joys when the ball looked good but then missed by a pin, and sharing a wince each time the ball barrelled into the gutters.

So when, during the last play of the game, George earning a strike, they both became ecstatic. Dream went so far as to run up to George and plow George into a large hug, lifting him a couple of inches off the ground and causing George to hold on to him harder, making them both laugh harder. When Dream calmed down enough to left George touch the floor, and their laughs gently subsided, they remained embracing, staring into each other's eyes with smiles brimming with pure admiration. At that point, Sapnap had flipped the phone's recording over to capture his flabbergasted expression and stopped the recording, because he genuinely thought they were about to kiss.

Then didn't, however, because they were startled from their own little world and back into reality by the loud knock of George's bowling ball returning to the rack and knocking against the other bowling balls. Their embrace swiftly ended, and they walked over to the score panel to view the final scores.

Sapnap obviously won. He was the only one out of the three who wasn't spending every other moment staring at the other with a face full of yearning, a physical definition of pining.

Seriously, how were they *that* dense!?

---

When they returned to the apartment, it was nearing eight in the evening. Deciding watching movies for the third time would be boring, they decided to play Minecraft in Dream's room, George and Sapnap using the laptops they brought with them.

A sense of comfort surrounded as they played, falling into their usual rounds of bickering, pranks, and jokes, and didn't stop until they were yawning every forty-five seconds and the clock beside

Dream's bed read a quarter until midnight.

Turning off their devices, Sapnap bid his friend goodnight and left the room, cracking the door open. Calling farewells after him, Dream and George sleepily tumbled in bed and Dream gladly curled up against George, wrapping his arm around him and holding him close, George accepting the contact with a smile and a half-asleep "Goodnight, Dream", mutually deciding they would deal with the powerful feelings in their chest that were blooming later.

## Chapter End Notes

Well, that was fun, wasn't it?

I decided it would be interesting to have a mainly Sapnap-centric chapter this time around just so everyone knows just how ridiculous his friends are being, like someone come help this man.

Also I'm tempted to rename Sapnap to Sassnap because this man is way too sassy and such a tease like gd bro chill out lmao

I'd also really love feedback on this chapter, because I'm honestly a little iffy on it. I kinda felt like I skipped a little too much in between scenes, and could've instead just filled them with a bunch of cute scenes but if y'all are fine with the skips then so am I!  
>w<'



## Day 4: Battling a Painful Conundrum Often Leads to Clarity

### Chapter Summary

One of the boys falls into a bittersweet conundrum, another is oblivious, and the third tries his hardest to help. And they also go play laser tag.

### Chapter Notes

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST IT'S 5AM AND I JUST FINISHED THIS CHAPTER  
JUST HURRY AND TAKE IT!!!!  
THIS WAS SO SO SO FUN TO WRITE OH MY GOD I HOPE YOU GUYS FIND  
THIS ONE GOOD!!!!

\*clears throat\* Anyways! I tried my hardest but looks like we've reached some angst, so let's put on our rain boots and truck through it, because there's a sweet surprise on the other side!

I had so much fun writing this chapter, and it took me the entire day to write, and IT'S 7 FUCKING THOUSAND WORDS LONG! YOU HEAR ME?! 7K!!! EXACTLY 7K!!!!!!

Also, expect the next couple of chapters to take around the same amount of time as well, because we've gotten into some interesting territory O-O

Also I joined a dnf discord server and it's so fun I love them they're so sweet! If you're reading this and you're in the server hello!

ANYWAYS, please, go on and read this chapter before I pass out on the keyboard  
Imaooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They were back at the airport, George holding his luggage in his right hand and Dream wearing the same clothes he was wearing when he first arrived. Dream was smiling at him, eyes full of fondness, brimming with happiness and something else, something he couldn't name. George could feel himself smiling too.

It wasn't until Dream was slowly walked up to him that George noticed they were the only ones in the airport. But he could still hear voices, incoherent voices sounded like blood rushing in his ears.

George blinked and suddenly Dream was only inches away from him. Hyperaware, George both felt and watched as Dream slowly cupped his face with both of his hands, and George felt his luggage drop from his hand as they both leaned forward, and Dream kissed him, an unquantifiable amount of pure euphoria blooming from his chest and into his stomach-

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George woke up, eyes shooting open and he violently sat up in bed. Thankfully, Dream wasn't holding onto him, he had rolled over and was sleeping on his other side, And George faintly registered the time as just past four in the morning as he slid out of the bed. He prayed Dream stayed asleep as George sped-walked from his room and crept into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him with a very soft and gentle click.

George stared at himself in the mirror as a violent wave of guilt ran from the back of his neck to the soles of his feet, and leaned against the small sink, trying not to sob.

Why did he think he had a chance? It was obvious Dream just saw him as a friend, so why did his brain and heart make him think and imagine all these stupid things?

He was an idiot, an absolute idiot. He shouldn't have come. He should've stayed in London, he should've said he was busy, because then he wouldn't have met Dream in person.

He wouldn't have finally felt just how great Dream's arms wrapping around his body would feel like; He wouldn't have realized just how beautiful he is, and that it was always hard to look away from him.

His lopsided, faintly dimpled smile. His eyes that sparkled in the sun and looked almost magical with the way they shone a grayish-yellow, with streaks of brown making tiny pops of accents that George could just get lost in. His expressive eyebrows that played hide-and-seek behind his naturally unkempt and handsome hair.

At that moment, George wished he'd seen none of it. Wish he'd said no, wish he'd turn down the invitation, wish he'd didn't allow himself to fall so hard for a man he had no chance with, a man that made his life so much better, a man he'd be devastated to lose.

His stomach sank like a ship with a hole in it. Guilt, fear, and longing circulated through his body, a kaleidoscope of emotions.

George picked his head back up and stared into his eyes again, his expression screaming that he *yearned* , that he *wanted* something, or better yet, *someone* .

And George was ashamed of it. He had no right to be in love with his best friend, someone that only loved him platonically. He had no right to think and imagine things that he knew weren't returned. He had no right.

George swept his hand through his hair in an attempt to comfort himself as he tried his hardest to muffle the sob that had crawled its way up his throat and out of his mouth. Slowly, his form crumpled to the bathroom floor, and George curled up against the cabinet under the sink, hands pressed against his mouth to silence himself. He silently sobbed against the cabinet until he no longer felt anything anymore, and then he sat still, legs pulled to his chest and face buried between his knees.

George sat there for who knows how long, brain too fogged to think anything rational. He sat there until his thighs started to turn numb with sleep, deciding to finally get up and leave the claustrophobic room.

But instead of returning to bed, George swiped his phone off of Dream's computer desk from where it sat charging and walked into the living room, curling up on the couch in the same position he sat in the bathroom, and turned his phone on, staring at his phone's screen with unfocused eyes

and unfocused thought, not noticing when the time ticked to six in the morning or his phone shutting off due to inactivity.

---

Sapnap expected the living room to be empty when he walked in at seven in the morning, roused by thirst. What he didn't expect when he walked into the room was to find George curled protectively in on himself, eyes glazed over as he blankly stared at his phone.

Nobody had to tell Sapnap that something was wrong, he knew.

He approached George, and leaned over the back of the couch until his head was less than a foot away from George's. "Hey, George, buddy, are you okay? What's wrong?" Sapnap gently asked, voice laced with concern.

Sapnap watched as George's eyes refocused and became sharper again, but he remained silent, remained unmoving. Sapnap's concern grew, and his heart sank a little. What was going on?

"George, what's wrong? Did something happen?" Sapnap tried again, placing a supportive hand on George's shoulder.

"I'm an idiot," George eventually muttered after moments of silence, his voice sounding rough as if he spent the last two hours crying.

"What are you talking about?" Sapnap replied, growing confused. "George, what's wrong?"

"I'm an idiot." The statement came out more harsh, more angry. Sapnap watched as George's face screwed into a bitter expression, as if he was getting mad at himself. "A fucking idiot, Sapnap."

Sapnap sensed his self-directed anger rising, and realized with a new, small wave of concern passing from his chest into his gut that they should move outside in case George started raising his voice. Sapnap had a strange feeling whatever was wrong with George was related to Dream, and it probably wouldn't help if Dream was woken up by George and came to see what's wrong.

"Hey, c'mon, let's sit outside and talk," Sapnap tried to reason with George, and was honestly surprised when he cooperated without complaint, silently standing and following Sapnap out the front door and sitting down beside him on the small concrete steps that were in front of the door.

"Why do you think you're an idiot?" Sapnap began to George once they'd gotten as comfortable as they could get on concrete steps. Sapnap was thankful to note George didn't curl up like he had been on the couch, making it easier to read him. Hopefully that would allow Sapnap to figure out what's going on inside his friend's mind.

"Because," George began, taking a deep breath, his tone strained, "I'm in love with someone who will never feel the same way about me, and it's shameful to keep giving myself false hope and imagining doing things he'd never be comfortable with doing to or with me."

Sapnap took a moment for his words to process in his mind, then blinked in shock.

Did George really think Dream didn't feel the same way?

"You think Dream doesn't feel the same way about you?" Sapnap asked, voicing his thoughts,

voice confused and unconvinced. He saw George tense up, his hands balling slightly into fists.

“I don’t think, I *know*,” was George’s blunt reply, sounding annoyed that Sapnap had even asked him that question.

“And how do you know for sure, George?” Sapnap continued to ask, feeling annoyance begin to creep up his spine. He loved his friends, he really did, but this was beginning to get absolutely ridiculous. “Has he told you he doesn’t?”

George scoffed. “He doesn’t have to, it’s obvious he doesn’t feel the same way about me.” Their eyes met, and Sapnap could see the seriousness pooling in his irritated eyes. He truly believed what he was saying.

Sapnap didn’t know if he wanted to laugh, cry, scream, or punch someone.

“You’re blind,” Sapnap bluntly told George, looking him dead in the eyes with the most serious expression he could ever muster. “You’re actually blind.”

A second, more frustrated scoff came from George. “Don’t say that, you’re just giving me false hope-”

“I’m telling the truth, George!” Sapnap snapped, cutting George off. George abruptly stood up, eyes looking betrayed.

“Don’t lie to me, not about this,” came the trembling reply from George, and he briskly walked back inside, body language screaming that he was angry.

Sapnap remained sitting where he was, and he breathed out a heavy sigh. He knew George wouldn’t stay mad for long, but also knew the cycle of painful denial he’d placed himself in wasn’t going to go away easily, no matter how much Sapnap told him he’s wrong. The only way to get George out would be to make him see for himself.

Sapnap was tempted to storm into Dream’s room right then and there to wake him up and force the man to confess his feelings, but he knew better. With the way they skirted around each other almost as easy as it was to breathe, it either of them confessed without the other knowing their feelings were reciprocated, it would only lead to pain and failure.

Which is why all Sapnap could do at the moment was sit back, stay vigilant, and try his hardest to open his friends’ eyes.

When Sapnap eventually made his way back inside, he was a little relieved to see George fast asleep on the couch, face a lot more relaxed than it was a few minutes prior. Knowing he himself wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep, Sapnap took his seat in the loveseat beside the couch, and fished his phone from his pocket, deciding to let Bad know about the current situation to gather his surprisingly wise advice.

It was going to be a long day, wasn’t it?

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The first thing Dream noticed when he woke up was that his clock read close to half past nine in the morning. The second, when he rolled over, was that George wasn’t asleep beside him.

Feeling a little surprised, and honestly a little disappointed, Dream sat up and stretched out the muscles in his back by raising his arms over his head. He stood from the bed, running a hand through his messy hair trying to tame it at least a little so he wasn't walking around looking like he stood in one of those hurricane simulators at zoos.

Walking out of his room, into the short hallway, and out into the living room, Dream was surprised again by finding George asleep on the couch and Sapnap sitting nearby, scrolling on his phone.

"Why wasn't I invited to the party?" Dream quietly asked, sneaking up towards Sapnap. His friend flinched, startled.

"Don't ask me, I just got here," Sapnap replied with a shrug.

"Do you know why George is on the couch?"

Sapnap paused for a moment before speaking. "Yeah, I accidentally woke him up while using the bathroom and we decided to chill in here, but he fell asleep again." Sapnap ended his explanation with a light chuckle.

"Oh, okay," Dream said, and took a seat on the other end of the couch, minding George's legs. Dream turned the TV on, and flipped to the local news channel, looking at the weather forecast and frowning slightly when he noticed there was a prediction for rain within the next couple of days. Well, at least they already visited the beach. They'd have to find something indoor to do the days it rained.

Speaking of something to do...

"We never discussed what we're doing today," Dream said suddenly to Sapnap. Sapnap gave a noise of acknowledgement, typing on his phone.

"Well, what kind of stuff is around here?" Sapnap replied, and Dream took a few moments to think.

"Not counting the places we've already been, there's an aquarium, zoo, mini-golf course, movie theater, laser-tag arena--"

"Laser-tag arena?" Sapnap interrupted, looking up from his phone. Dream nodded with a smile.

"Yeah, it's got two really big arenas, they just opened it last year," Dream said. "I haven't been there yet, but I've been wanting to."

"Then why don't we go there today?"

"Sure, but George needs to be on board too."

"George!" Sapnap yelled, and slapped his hand on the couch. George stirred, and cracked opened his eyes, staring sleepily at Sapnap.

"Mmm," was George's reply, already falling back asleep.

"Does laser-tag sound good today?" Sapnap loudly asked, trying to keep George awake long enough to get an answer from him.

"Mmhmm," George affirmed, nodding his head slightly. Moments later, he was back asleep. Dream chuckled at his friends' antics.

"So, laser-tag it is," Sapnap playfully commented, and returned to his phone. Dream gave another

soft chuckle, and flipped to another channel on his TV, the two waiting for George to wake up before they started their day.

They spent the next hour and a half in near silence, the silence comfortable enough not to need conversation. Sapnap remained on his phone for the entire time, alternating between typing and scrolling, and Dream had eventually gotten up to get him and Sapnap glasses of water after asking him if he wanted any. The time had just passed eleven in the morning when George finally stirred awake again, a deep inhale signalling that he had been roused from his dreams.

“What time is it, Sapnap?” George asked with a grunt, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

“A few minutes past eleven.” Dream watched as Sapnap pocketed his phone. “I’m surprised you didn’t wake up sooner.”

“Not everyone likes getting up early like you, Sapnap,” Dream joked. George’s head snapped over to Dream, and he couldn’t help but notice his extreme case of bed-head, or the surprised expression on his face.

“How long have you been there?” George asked, clearing his throat at the end. Dream shrugged.

“I don’t know, like, an hour?” Dream saw George’s face flush slightly.

“Oh....” he trailed off. “So, what are we doing today?”

“I thought we had a unanimous decision on playing laser-tag today,” Sapnap commented, and George gave him a puzzled look.

“We did?”

“Yeah, I woke you up and you said ‘mmhmm’ before falling back asleep.”

“That doesn’t count, I was obviously half-asleep,” George pouted, and Dream and Sapnap laughed. “I wouldn’t mind playing it, though,” George added once their laughter calmed, a small smile gracing his face.

“M’kay, how about we get ready, grab some lunch somewhere, and go play some laser-tag?” Dream suggested, and his friends nodded. Dream stood, and carried Sapnap and his glasses of water back to the kitchen and put them in the sink to keep Patches from knocking them onto the carpeted floor while they were gone. He’d learned his lesson the first time, a light stain under the coffee table as a stern reminder. While he rinsed out the glasses and dried them, returning them to the cabinet where they came from, George and Sapnap got changed, and were sitting back down in the living room when Dream passed by to get ready himself.

---

What was Sapnap supposed to do? He tried racking his brain for ideas as the three of them got into the car, Sapnap getting the front seat for the day after winning the day’s round of rock-paper-scissors.

Sapnap needed George, both George and Dream, to realize that their feelings were reciprocated, but how? He knew them, they weren’t going to really listen to his words without going through at least two years of doubting him. The only way they’d realize is if they saw it for themselves.

But how was Sapnap supposed to help with that? They were oblivious with denial, they were blinder than blind. He's seen a lot of rom coms with Rose, he should have a few ideas at least, since it almost felt like he smack-dab in the middle of one.

What about getting them to chase down a pet for someone? Like a dog, or one of those pot-bellied pigs? Make one of them trip and hope for the best?

That.... that was a stupid plan. Never going to work.

What about doing something at the small restaurant they were going to for lunch? Maybe making a suggestive comment or two, that should cause at least one of them to react and maybe then they'll finally notice.

"I don't think this car has been this quiet all week," Dream suddenly commented from the driver's seat, causing Sapnap to snap out of his thoughts.

"I'm just planning my game strats in advance so I can finally beat you at something," Sapnap quickly replied to Dream, wearing a teasing smirk. Well, it wasn't too far off from the truth. He technically had been planning strategies, but not for the reason he said.

Dream wheezed lightly. "I didn't know you liked laser-tag so much." Sapnap nodded, even though he knew Dream was too focussed on the road to see it.

"Yep, I used to be the king at it growing up." Sapnap felt bad for lying. Truth was, he chose laser-tag off the list of ideas Dream had given him earlier that day, purely because it created the most chances of Sapnap herding Dream and George together without them becoming suspicious.

"Oh, so was I," Dream replied, not catching the lie. "There used to be this old laser-tag place near the beach that I played a lot as a kid, but it got shut down ages ago due to the building beginning to fall apart."

"Well then, guess we'll just have to see who the true king is," Sapnap teased, earning a competitive smile from Dream. He then watched Dream glance in the rear-view mirror, and his smile softened significantly as he looked back towards the road.

"Heh, George fell asleep in the back seat," Dream said, and Sapnap turned to look behind him, noting that George had indeed dozed off on the car window.

"How does he keep doing that?" Sapnap asked, voice teasing to hide his concern. "I swear, sleeping in the car is the most uncomfortable thing in existence."

Dream wheezed again, but made no reply. They went quiet again for a couple minutes, silence comfortable, until Dream hit a pothole rather aggressively, the sharp movements startling George awake with a yelp, which made both Sapnap and Dream break out into boisterous laughter.

---

George was conflicted, he was in a conundrum. It had only been five minutes since the three of them had sat down at the restaurant, a small local place that specialized in Southern comfort food, and George wanted to scream.

Because it seemed like they were put in the smallest booth in the entire establishment, meaning

Dream was pressed against George like they were sardines in those little cans, and he was starting to feel dizzy from the pleasant chills crawling up his spine every time Dream moved combining with a small pang of guilt shivering down his spine caused by him wishing Dream would press even closer to him and intertwine their hands together every time he felt those pleasant chills.

He could barely concentrate enough to tell the kind-look waitress his order, his polarized feelings swirling all over his body like a rising storm. So it made sense that he would be surprised when he felt Dream shift beside him and suddenly an arm was put over his shoulders, using his shoulders and the back of the booth's seats as an armrest.

"You'd think they would've put us somewhere with a little more space," Dream laughed, and George felt the negative emotions seep out of his body, being replaced by pure warmth. He couldn't help but giggle in return.

"Yeah, we're like sardines in here."

Sapnap, who was sitting across the table, sitting in a separate chair, cleared his throat, grabbing the attention of Dream and George.

"I'm going to go use the restroom," he bluntly announced, and stood, walking to the restroom they spotted while walking inside.

"Okay, stay safe," Dream called after him, George calling out "Don't drown!" a moment after. Sapnap shot them a playful glance and disappeared behind a wall. Dream turned back to George once they lost sight of their friend. If Dream took notice of how intimate their position was, he did a great job at hiding it.

"How are you enjoying Florida so far, George?" Dream asked, a small smile beginning to form on his lips. His soft, kissable-looking lips.

George mentally slapped himself, a small shock of shame making his heart sink, contradicting his happy tone as he answered, "It's been fun!" His shame ebbed away like a wave drawing back from the shore as Dream's smile grew, and the arm around his shoulders briefly tightened around him before relaxing, Dream having given George a nano-hug.

And just like all waves, the shame came crashing back as George found himself wishing Dream would hold on to him tighter and place a kiss on his face in a domestic manner. "I'm glad you're having fun."

"Okay, I'm back, what did I miss?" Sapnap asked, having suddenly reappeared, and he plopped down in his chair. George watched his gaze look calculating for a moment, before it relaxed into a more neutral expression as their eyes locked, trying to read each other.

George found himself growing annoyed by the urging glint in his friend's eyes, knowing exactly what he wanted to say.

But George knew better, he knew his feelings would never be returned, so he stayed silent, narrowing his eyes at Sapnap, who only narrowed his eyes back in return.

"What, are you two sending each other telepathic messages or something?" Dream commented with a puzzled tone, looking back and forth between Sapnap and George. "It looks like you two are having an argument with your eyes."

"We're just trash-talking each other, as always," Sapnap casually replied, his expression dropping and gaining a more teasing one in return. George was thankful Sapnap didn't press on, although



part of him wondered what would've happened if Sapnap exposed him right there and now.

As Dream chuckled at Sapnap's predictable response, and Sapnap took a sip of the drinks they got shortly after they arrived, the same waitress from earlier approached their table to gave them their food, earning three polite "thank you"s from the three.

Not much verbal conversation came from them as they ate, but that didn't stop George and Sapnap from continuing their "conversation" from earlier.

Sapnap was the first to enter the expressive chat, his eyes re-narrowing at George as they took their first few bites and quietly voiced their first impressions to each other, unanimously positive.

'I'm telling you, he likes you back,' his eyes seemed to scream. George narrowed his eyes in reply as he took another bite from a rather bulky fry dipped classically in ketchup, hoping Sapnap could read the 'no, he doesn't, shut up' he was trying to send back.

It seemed he got his message across, because Sapnap's reply was to pick up his drink and take another swallow from it, dramatically rolling his eyes in the process. Then Sapnap shovelled another spoonful of his soup in his mouth, and stared right over his left shoulder, hard, gaze growing rather aggressive.

George suddenly realized that Dream never took his arm off him, and his hand was currently relaxing against the curve of his left shoulder. Glancing over at Dream, he noticed him too preoccupied biting into his sandwich and looking around the room to notice his and Sapnap's silent conversation.

Blatantly ignoring the pleasurable tingling that attacked every atom of his skin that was making contact with Dream, George rolled his own eyes at Sapnap, mocking a scoff. 'As if,' was the reply he was attempting to get to Sapnap. It wasn't like Dream had his arm around him because he liked him like *that* , anyways.

But George figured Sapnap thought otherwise, as it was the only explanation he could think of to explain why he looked at him like he was about to lunge at him and slap him across the face.

Before Sapnap had the chance to act on what George thought he might do, if he ever was in the first place, Dream's voice interrupted them.

"There should be a new rule called 'No trash talking with your eyes at the dinner table, because the poor elderly man sitting next to us is beginning to look scared'." Blinking, George looked to his left and saw an elderly man watching the three, looking slightly fearful. George ducked his head apologetically.

"Sorry, we're just feeling really excited for the game today," Sapnap apologized to Dream, a grin taking his face. George forced a smile on his face.

"Yeah, I'm ready to beat his ass." Dream chuckled at George, patting his shoulder with the hand that was laying against it a moment earlier. George's smile peaked softly at the gesture, chest feeling lighter, before the corners of his mouth dropped slightly, the now-familiar feeling of shame coming over him once again. He knew Sapnap noticed when his right eye twitched.

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It was strange, how well they could hide from each other. Sapnap and George hiding their secret conversations from Dream, Dream and George hiding their feelings from each other, and Sapnap hiding his urge to just slam their faces together and scream "JUST KISS ALREADY!"

As the trio settled into casual chatter while getting back into Dream's car to start the half-hour drive to the laser-tag arena, George figured him and Sapnap were good at hiding because it was just so easy to slip into playful conversations, Dream always happy for a new topic to talk about.

And that's what the three of them did the entire car ride, they talked. Talked about the choices for dinner, talked about Minecraft, joked about their predictions of the outcomes of their laser fights. They talked about the largest amount of seagulls they've ever seen gathered in one place, laughed at a short story Dream told of his childhood while passing buildings he recognized, and held a joking argument about the worse topping to ever put on a pizza, the argument dissolving into laughs as Dream pulled the car into an empty parking space, arriving at their destination.

Walking into the rather spacious building, George couldn't help but look pleasantly surprised as they entered a large lobby, walls a dark blue with muddy, brownish-gray trims across the tiled floor and ceiling, both a dull beige. Benches lined the walls, cushions a deep, yellowish-gray, and an empty reception desk was positioned on the back wall that stood parallel to the door, the color matching the blue walls.

"Uh, I'll go find someone, you two stay here," Dream said when he noticed nobody in the room with them, and as he approached the desk and peered over it, calling out a "Hello?", Sapnap grabbed George's arm and pulled him towards the door, as far away from Dream as he could get them.

"I'm telling you this right now, and I want you to listen to me," Sapnap demanded quietly, and George immediately began to get annoyed.

"Sapnap, would you st-"

"No," he continued to grill, interrupting George. "I'm sick of you being neck-deep in denial. Dream. Feels. The. Same. Way."

George scoffed, and tugged his arm away from Sapnap. "I'm not in denial, I'm just accepting the truth." Sapnap's posture dropped in exasperation, and he rubbed a hand down his face, sighing heavily.

"Whatever," he said, sounding defeated and upset. "Just... open your eyes for five minutes. Please."

Suddenly feeling concerned due to his friend's reaction, George nodded, face relaxing from its annoyed expression. "Okay?"

"Ah, I'm sorry! We weren't aware you three came in!" a new, unfamiliar voice spoke loudly, almost echoing in the room, and George turned to his to see a tall and lanky woman approach Dream, wearing a similar color theme as the interior of the room. Ah, an employee.

---

George had no clue how he was going to "open his eyes" if he couldn't see shit to begin with. The room they currently stood in was dim, the only sources of light coming from a TV mounted on the wall in front of them, the vests they were given that currently illuminated a soft white, the glow of

multiple laser-guns behind them, and the rather unflattering yellowish glow of the laser-tag gun the game's instructor in front of them was holding, the short and stocky man going over how to work it and the game's set of rules, George's attention wavering between the employee and what Sapnap had said to him minutes prior. Open his eyes? To what?

"Any questions?" the short man asked the three, and as George shook his head no Dream spoke up.

"What are all the team colors?" he asked, glancing at George. Why'd he glance at him?

"Well, we have lime green," the instructor began, motioning to the gun currently in his hands, "red," he pointed to the first gun behind them, and George looked to see him pointed at the gun glowing a dark, vivid brownish-gray, "blue," he pointed to the one glowing a dark blue, "magenta," he pointed to a light blue one, "orange," he pointed to one almost identical to the one he was already holding, "and white." He finished by pointing to the last gun mounted on the wall, glowing the same white as their vest.

Dream glanced at George again. George looked at him for a couple of seconds, confused, until it suddenly came to him. Oh.

"I can tell blue, magenta, and white apart the best," he told Dream, and he felt his chest bloom with warmth as he watched Dream smile. Hearing him, Sapnap stepped over to the wall and grabbed the gun the glowed the darker blue, and Dream made his way over to the white one, leaving George with the light blue gun. The instructor nodded when they each had their weapon of choice, and held up the tablet that had been sitting in one of his hands, typing something on it. Suddenly, the color of their vests switched to match the color of their guns, and George smiled, impressed by the technology.

"You three are free to go, and you'll have two minutes to get away from each other before the game starts with a beeping noise," the employee explained, and walked over to one of the small room's two doors, opening it, and George saw a lot of dull, yellowish light jump into the room, coming from the arena.

George followed Sapnap out of the door, not noticing Dream falling behind in order to ask the instructor one final question.

Less than a minute had passed, and as George was still searching for a favorable vantage point, the lights in the arena suddenly shifted from yellow into a more blue-ish gray hue, causing George to stop as the room became a little more clear. Why did the lights suddenly change?

An echoing "Haha, yes!" came from the other side of the very spacious room, and George identified the voice as Dream's. "Is that better, George!?"

George could feel a deep blush form on his face as George realized Dream had the arena's lights change into a more blueish color, just for him. A large wave of bashful warmth swept over his chest and into his stomach, releasing a newfound swarm of butterflies. They were too powerful to suppress with shame or guilt.

After standing still for a moment longer, George finally remembered where he was, and quickly dove behind a random prop in the shape of a wall with a square cut out in the middle of it where a window would go if it were real. Adrenaline quickly rushed through him as his competitive nature overtook him, and George completely forgot about his earlier conversation with Sapnap, and instead focussed on the sound of a buzzer ringing.

The next hour and a half was a blur to George as he ran from Sapnap and Dream, got shot, shot

them back, and did even more running in order to try and ambush one of his two targets. A permanent smile was set on his face, his voice beginning to grow slightly rough from constantly screaming.

George was running through a cluster of dark blue barrels and ran around the corner of one of the prop walls when white filled his vision, and his vest vibrated and turned a brownish color along with his laser-gun, signalling he'd been hit.

"What is that, my fifth time shooting you in a row?!" Dream jokingly mocked, wheezing in laughter as George groaned in annoyance. "You should run before your cooldown wears off or I'll shoot you again."

"Ugh, how are you so good at this?!" George replied, crossing his arms and pouting, making no attempts to run.

"George, I'm serious, I'll get you again if you continue standing there," Dream warned, a playful grin spreading across his face, the white of his vest making his face glow ghostly. George suddenly remembered what Dream did earlier, and began to blush, Sapnap's conversation reappearing in the back of his mind.

Adrenaline still hot in him, George didn't run, but instead slowly walked towards Dream, challengingly. "Oh yeah?"

A deep chuckle sprung from Dream as he pointed his laser-gun at the middle of George's vest that was fading back to its light blue color. "Yeah."

George replied with a noise just as deep, akin to a moan, and Dream's face suddenly dropped from its competitive playfulness and adopted a very flustered look of surprise.

Although confused, George used the distraction to his advantage and snatched Dream's gun from his hand, turning around and sprinting as fast as he could away from Dream. He knew he probably just broke one of the rules he barely tuned in to listen to, but he didn't care. All he wanted was sweet payback.

A few moments later, George heard Dream scream "George?! What the hell, what is wrong with you?!" and knew the chase was on. George sped his way throughout the maze-like structure of the arena, having grown slightly familiar with its layout.

"Georgeeeee, come here!" he heard the manic yell from Dream from across the room, and stopped for a moment to catch his breath. "Georgie!! Where are you?!" Face heating up impossibly further at the nickname of 'Georgie', George continued his trek around the outside of the arena, watching out for a familiar white vest.

George didn't hear the sound of feet running towards his back until it was too late, and was only able to turn around to catch a glimpse of white before he was tackled for the second time that week by Dream, who began cackling loudly as they landed and the two guns George held were knocked to the ground.

"Foououound you!" Dream cooed gleefully, a large grin stretched on his face. Feeling laughter build in his chest despite getting caught, George began laughing with Dream, laughing so hard he almost began tearing up, and didn't notice Dream had fell silent until his laughter had calmed. It was then that George noticed something.

Their positions... It was the same as when they fell at the beach. And despite trying to fight it,

trying to desperately stop it, George felt the same warm urge begin to creep up, and subconsciously found himself wondering what his lips would feel like pressed against his own, glancing to find them set in a softer smile than he remembered.

The new wave of guilt that smoothed over him was able to keep his mind from completely slipping away like the last time, and George nervously laid still, wondering when Dream was going to get up, not able to break his gaze from his face that seemed to remain glued to staring at George.

George suddenly became more grounded to reality as he noticed just how... strange Dream was staring at him. His eyes shone with fondness, squinting slightly from the smile that was pressed gently on his face, his cheeks and nose colored slightly darker than the rest of his face. As he continued to stare into his eyes, something suddenly dawned on George as he found more hidden behind his fond gaze.

Dream was looking at him in the same way in his dream the night before, and a wave of bewilderment chased away his guilt. It was the same gaze, the same gaze of fondness, happiness, and something else. Dream's smile softened even more, his eyes becoming a little wider, and the unnamed glint became clearer in his eyes; And at that moment George finally recognized it. He knew what it was.

It was the same thing he saw in his own eyes that early morning while staring in the mirror.

Want. It was *want* .

Memories of the past 4 days rushed through George's mind as his eyes grew impossibly wide and his breath halted, and suddenly everything fell into place. Suddenly, everything was clear. He saw nothing but clarity. Sapnap had been telling the truth the whole time, all he had to do was actually *look* . Pure euphoria rose into George's chest, and he could've started crying right then and there.

George really was blind. Dream did love him.

***Oh my god.***

"Uhhhhhhhhh," George heard from a couple feet away, and he rather violently jumped from his place under Dream as he realized Sapnap had appeared. Apparently realizing how their situation might look from the outside, Dream blinked a couple times, as if he was just roused from a daydream.

Did Dream....

"Hey, guys, the game just ended, did you not hear the thing go off?" Sapnap asked, breaking George from his thought before he could finish, and Dream quickly got off of George and stood up, grabbing his gun and holding out his right hand for George to grab.

Smiling wide, George accepted his hand and was pulled up, no shame or guilt in sight as he let pleasant emotions override his system. He walked over and picked his gun up from the floor, and followed behind Sapnap and Dream as they walked towards the exit of the arena, the lights suddenly turning to their original color.

Oh yeah. George started smiling again and rolled his eyes at himself. Good god, he had been sickeningly oblivious, hadn't he?

---

George was acting a little strange.

Sapnap had noticed it as soon as Dream helped him to his feet after finding them once again on the ground together with George pinned under Dream. Seriously, what the fuck was up with that? Was that going to be a thing now?

George looked almost dazed as they walked out of the arena and into the room they started in, and removed the vests from their torsos, putting them back where they had originally gotten them. Dream let out an unexpected "Woop!" as he glanced at the TV and realized he had beaten both of his friends, Sapnap coming in second and George in last.

"Haha, I knew you'd be in last, George," Sapnap attempted to tease, but instead of receiving a fired-up response, only got a light giggle from George.

"Yeah, guess I did come in last."

....Huh? Did he hit his head on the ground too hard or something?

As they returned to the lobby, Sapnap checked the time on his phone and noticed it was almost five in the evening. He didn't realize they'd been in there for two full hours.

"Hey guys, I'm going to use the restroom before we leave since it's like, an hour and a half drive back to the apartment," Dream spoke up, beginning to walk over to the metal door painted blue with the classic men's symbol on it. "You two can either wait here or go ahead and walk to the car."

Choosing to go outside in order to check George for signs of a concussion, he snapped George from his dazed staring at the bathroom door by tapping his arm.

"C'mon, let's head to the car."

"M'kay," George replied, and they walked outside and over to Dream's car. Sapnap leaned his back against the door and faced George, who was leaning on his side against the car.

"Are you okay?" Sapnap asked, his voice legitimately concerned. "Did you hit your head or something? You're acting funny."

George's eyes abruptly cleared, and he sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck.

"Sorry I didn't believe you earlier," he began, and after a moment of confusion, realization hit him, hard.

Sapnap exhaled the largest sigh of relief he'd ever done, the dam of relief breaking. George giggled at Sapnap's dramatic reaction.

"You do not have laughing privileges right now, you dense ass," Sapnap shot back, tone light and playful, a sharp contrast to their conversations earlier in the day, "You did not just spend 4 entire days watching your two idiot friends be so in denial of each other's feelings that it's not even funny. I should be the one laughing right now, not you!"

Maybe it was to spite him, or maybe it was because of how happy and at peace George felt with

himself, but regardless of the cause he exploded into gleeful laughter, Sapnap grinning and watching his friend, only looking up when he noticed Dream exiting the building and jogging over to them.

Sapnap was very excited to see what the next few days would bring.

## Chapter End Notes

I swear y'all sleep on my chapter names....

Haha anyways I really, really hope everyone enjoyed this chapter because I think this is THE LONGEST thing I've ever written in one sitting, like OOF! I hope my angst was good enough for the ones who commented wanting it, I'm a little rusty on angst lol.

Anyways I am getting some MUCH NEEDED REST NOW, everyone have a great day/night!

PS: The reason the chapter ended where it did was because I found it more fitting, and found it kinda repetitive at this point with the chapters ending with them going to sleep. However, I'll make it up in the next chapter, especially if you guys want me to lol

## Intermission: Thank You & QnA

### Chapter Summary

Author decides to interrupt the story with a huge-ass thank you and a small qna because the author wants to

Okay, I know, I know, this isn't an actual chapter but hear me out, okay? Don't you dare exit from this tag huffing because it's not the next chapter, I see you >:(

Lol jk.

Anyways, I wanted to make this just in case some of you guys aren't reading my notes at the beginning or end, just to make sure you see it and know it.

Thank you.

Thank you so much for deciding to read my fic, and that snippet if you read that too (I know a lot of you came from that but it's okay if you didn't). I honestly didn't expect my works to get that much attention since there aren't that many fics in this tag to begin with, and I've posted some stuff in fandoms MUCH larger and barely got any comments but BOY OH BOY WAS I INCORRECT. I think it was like, what, an hour after I posted my first snippet that dontrollthedice, an amazing author btw, commented and left so much love and that only encouraged me to write this fic, and then just seeing more comments as I began writing the first chapter with no plans at all solidified my motivation to create this fic and *complete it*. Because I've attempt multi-chaptered fics before, and all of them have flopped, became incomplete and deleted. But I know I'm going to finish this, I know it. Because we're almost there already. We have 3 more chapters until this fic is completed.

And I find that absolutely amazing. I had no idea I could do something like this. I've only been able to write one-shots in the past. And it's been so long since I've shared my work with people. I honestly was so nervous publishing "Inhibitions Make Interesting Situations" because I didn't know how much people would like it. I didn't even plan to publish it, either. I wrote it one day about a week or two ago after re-reading a couple scenes from "Chasing Snowflakes" by passmethemolly, another amazing author, because I wanted more of the "almost-kiss gets interrupted" trope but couldn't find any. I didn't decide to publish it until bunnyyuu encouraged me in the comments of their fic "Gonna Be Around" after I mentioned wanting to publish something after I finished it (at that time I was trying to write a second chapter to it but that flopped), and a couple of days later I ended up publishing it.

So just... thank you, everyone! Without your comments of pure and utter love I know for a fact I wouldn't have been able to write like I have, because I live to write for others. I didn't write this fic just because I felt like it, I wrote it because I knew you guys were loving it. Now, don't think this means you guys are pressuring me to update as fast as possible, nonono. Me publishing the first 5 like that was because I was so excited I was spending the whole day writing. I've been making sure to take care of myself too! I took the whole day off yesterday because I was tired from having



uploaded chapter 5 at 5am (that was on my part I should've stopped and finished it in the morning but I'm stubborn lmao), and I've been taking plenty of breaks today while writing chapter 7, which is proving to be a tough one to write >w<

And I guess to celebrate you guys supporting me, I'm guessing letting you guys know more about me and things such how long I've been writing and what motivates me and all would be fun, and can entertain you guys while I continue writing chapter 7 (I know some of y'all have refreshed the dnf tag today looking to see if this fic has updated, don't lie to me).

So anyways, here's a little QnA!

**Q: How old are you? When did you start writing?**

A: I am currently 16, my birthday was back in January! I honestly don't know what to say for the second part, because it depends. The youngest I remember writing something was when I was about 4 or maybe 5, I'm not sure. I wrote a short story about a wolf pup celebrating her birthday with her best friend, a grasshopper. I didn't start writing fanfiction until I wanna say late 2016-early or mid 2017, I was around 13 when I started publishing some stuff to Wattpad. So in general I've been writing narratives since I was 4 but I've only been writing as a hobby for around 3 years now.

**Q: Where do you live?**

A: I live in the Southern part of the United States, a couple of states away from Florida, actually.

**Q: Is the town Dream lives in your based off a real town?**

A: Not exactly. I used a lot of elements from my town and the neighboring town for things such as the laser-tag arena and the restaurant they went to in the previous chapter, and **(spoilers)** they go to an aquarium at some point, and I'm basing it largely off of New Orleans's aquarium since that's the only aquarium I've ever been to. So technically yes, I'm basing most of Dream's town off of the town I live in and the neighboring town!

**Q: What inspired you to make this fic?**

A: After I initially wrote "Inhibitions Make Interestin Situations" I wanted to write my own version of an irl-meetup. A drew inspiration to begin one from a lot of fics on Wattpad and AO3 honestly. The fics "You Have Got To Be Kidding Me" by TheAnonFanOn, "My Bee Stings" by Kummibladder, "Don't Call Me Sweetheart" by passmethemolly, and "A Nudge in the Right Direction" by dontrollthedice were all huge inspirations for the plot of this fic and how I wanted to write it, and I highly recommend reading all the fics I've mentioned, you won't regret it!

**Q: What's your writing process like?**

A: Depends on how much of the chapter I have planned going into the writing phase. Sometimes all I have is a vague idea, which obviously takes a lot longer to write, but when I have a pretty clear outline of how I want the piece to go I can write it pretty quickly. That's partially why the few couple of chapters were out so fast, I already had a solid foundation in my mind for them. Chapter 5 proved different, because not only did I change and seal what I wanted to do with the story overall while making the chapter, I actually wrote George realizing Dream's feelings immediately after writing his angst scene at the beginning, and then pieced the two together with scenes that made them flow together. And don't be afraid to start over! I started over on chapter 7 when it was 1k words in because I wasn't really happy with it, and now I'm just over 2k in the new draft and I love it a lot more lmao. And don't be afraid to edit the plot either, I've done that at least 4 times while writing this fic!

**Q: What music do you listen to while writing?**

A: There isn't a set choice, I just find a song that has the same vibe as what I want to write and put it on loop for white noise. I have a habit of listening to songs on days on end lmao, and my taste in genres are wide.

**Q: When's chapter 7 coming out?**

A: Soon, hopefully. I'm thinking either later tonight or tomorrow, not sure how long chapter 7 is gonna end up being (seeming how it's already 2k and I only thing I'm roughly a third done with the chapter, I'm thinking it's gonna be like 6k?)

**Q: Advice to other authors?**

A: Do writing exercises is my main piece of advice. I started doing this thing about a year ago where I'd tell my friends to give me one word and then I'd write a short story between like 200-500 words based on the word, either having it as a theme or including it as a focal point for dialogue. I once got the word "yeet" and lemme tell you it was fun.

**Q: How long do you plan this fic to be?**

A: I plan for there to be two more chapters after chapter 7, and possibly an epilogue if you guys want on after the last chapter is uploaded, fully depends on what you guys want I don't mind either way.

**Q: Do you plan to write any more dnf fics after this?**

A: Maybe, I'm not sure yet. It would be really fun, and I kinda have an idea for a oneshot, but we'll have to wait and see. I want to get done with this fic tho before I start on a new one.

Anyways, that's the end of my QnA, and the end of this intermission chapter! I hope you enjoyed it even though it's not an official chapter lmao, I wouldn't be surprised if some of you got mad at me for this XD

Again, thank you so much for reading and all the support. I've never had this much love thrown at me before, I don't know what to do with it half the time except for smile really big and gently clap my hands in excitement >W<

Hope you have a wonderful day/night, and I hope to see you guys really soon!

## Day 5: Is That Just the Thunder, or are the Gods Applauding?

### Chapter Summary

Classic Floridian weather strikes, the trio is forced to spend the day inside Dream's apartment, and Sapnap about has enough.

### Chapter Notes

This took..... A while lmao. I actually took a day's break yesterday because I only got around 3-4 hours of sleep because I went to bed at 5am and was v e r y tired lmao, I don't recommend anyone else doing that haha.

This chapter also took a while because I honestly didn't really know what to do after chapter 5, because it's hard to write mutual pining when one of them isn't oblivious anymore, which may also explain a decision I made later in this

It was also difficult because I tried revolving this chapter's plot as a buildup to a scene similar to "Inhibitions Make Interesting Situations" like I said I would do, but at this point the fic's plot has strayed very far from being able to reach a scene like that without some really ooc things happening, so I ultimately scrapped the first draft of the chapter 1k words in because I wasn't happy with it, and I've decided that I'm not going to force a scene that wouldn't work out into the fic. I'm sorry if you're disappointed by that.

Anyways enough chatter, let's get into this chapter! I hope you enjoy it!  
ALSO 1K HITS?! ALMOST 200 KUDOS???! Y'ALL KILLING ME!! TYSM!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George knew he wanted to tell him, wanted to confess his feelings to him before he had to return back to London. Sapnap and he had held a conversation the night before while Dream took a shower about doing it, and Sapnap had reassured him that there was no way he was going to screw up by telling him, even though Dream was still in denial about George's feelings.

George knew he wanted to do it. He just didn't know *when* .

It didn't feel right to do it when they had gotten back to Dream's home that night, after the conversation. It also didn't feel right as Dream and George crawled into Dream's bed that night, despite them being alone and the comfortable air around them creating a good atmosphere to. It didn't feel right as he drifted to sleep, faintly registering Dream shifting in bed and casually slipping his arm around George's stomach, the action having grown into an intimate habit over the last couple of nights. No, none of those moments felt right. George had to wait, wait until he found the perfect moment.

---

The light and distant rumble of thunder coaxed Dream from his slumber, sleepily blinking. He had totally forgotten it was supposed to storm. If it got any worse than what the forecast predicted, they would have to stay home for the day to avoid getting caught in a flash flood, a common occurrence in Dream's town. Another distant rumble of thunder was heard, and Dream judged that their day was going to be spent inside Dream's home. He was a little disappointed; He'd planned to drag Sappnap and George to the zoo in the neighboring city.

Dream sighed and buried his head deeper into George's soft hair. Oh well, Dream figured the three of them needed a breathing day anyways, they've been doing nothing but run around for the past couple of days and he would be lying if he said his legs weren't a little sore, especially from yesterday's laser-tag game.

Speaking of yesterday's game... Dream was reminded of how much fun it was. Running around in the lavender light of the arena, enjoying the looks on his friends' faces every time he caught them.

He remembered the banter he and George shared after one of the times Dream shot him, and how a peculiar noise George made had his body essentially shut down from becoming flustered, George stealing his gun from him while he was distracted. He remembered how fun it was chasing the slender man around, eventually catching him from behind and tackling him to the ground in the heat of the moment. He remembered how pretty, almost ethereal, George had looked with his face gently lit from his magenta vest and the light purple lights around them. How his face looked so surprised, his lips parted slightly, looking soft, and how Dream wanted nothing more than to kiss him right then and there.

But Dream figured that wouldn't have been a good idea. It wasn't like George felt the same about him, anyways. Subconsciously sighing again and pressing deeper into George, Dream told himself that he was fine with it, fine with just being friends, ignoring the way his chest clenched gently from the pain that erupted in his heart.

He wasn't going to sacrifice their friendship over his dumb feelings.

Dream fell back asleep listening to the sound of the distant thunder grow closer, the rumbling becoming his throbbing heart's lullaby.

---

George was startled awake by a vicious clap of thunder erupting overhead, the strength of it making the foundation of the small house tremble. Sitting up, George rubbed his eyes, growing acutely aware of Dream wrapping his other arm around George's left side, effectively encasing him in some sort of hug as Dream gently tugged George's body back down onto the mattress to bury his face in his stomach, an argumentive hum being felt through his shirt as he gasped from the sudden intimacy, face growing hot and a massive amount of butterflies beginning to flutter in his stomach where Dream currently had his head resting.

George peeked his head over Dream's body and took note of the time. It was only eight in the morning, and despite being woken up by the thunder, George wouldn't mind going back to sleep for another hour or two.

He felt the arms around him tighten as he relaxed, a small smile growing on his face. He wasn't

going to lie, Dream was being pretty cute right now. George was glad he'd found out Dream's feelings towards him, because he knew if the exact same thing were to have happened a day or earlier he would've combusted.

Well, George still felt like combusting from the amount of emotions wracking through him, but it wasn't as violent as before. Knowing his feelings were reciprocated seemed to have calmed his pining down.

Growing increasingly more comfortable by the second, George quickly found himself dozing off.

---

Both of them were woken up by the sudden blaring of an alarm on Dream's phone, and George immediately felt colder when Dream detached himself from him and rolled over to grab his phone that was sitting next to the clock, that read close to eleven in the morning.

"Weather alert," Dream commented, sitting up, having turned on his phone and shut the loud noise off, but continued to go through it, most likely scrolling through notifications. "We have a flash flood warning for the rest of the day."

George yawned, sitting up for the second time that morning. "Flash flooding?" Another yawn cut him off. "I'm guessing that means we're stuck in here today, then."

"Yep," Dream replied, stretching, "There's no way I'm driving in this weather." George was suddenly aware of the sound of heavy rain hitting the roof of the house, and hummed in agreement.

"Yeah, no, we're definitely not going anywhere today."

"Well, what do you want to do today, then?" Dream asked, looking up from his phone and over towards him. George took note of Dream's intense case of bedhead, and began to giggle. Immediately knowing the source of George's giggling, Dream rolled his eyes with an amused scoff and ran a hand through his hair, trying to pat it down, which ultimately caused George to giggle harder when the attempts proved futile. "Keep laughing and you're spending the day outside, getting wet."

George's giggles subsided as if his threat were serious, and a smile grew on George's face.

Suddenly the bedroom door was being opened, and Sapnap was poking his head into the room with a confused expression.

"Oh, I thought I heard you two," he said, the confusion melting from his face. "It's about time you woke up too, it's like, eleven."

"Oh, hey Sapnap," Dream casually replied. "When did you get up?"

"I don't know, around nine?"

"Wow," George chimed in, teasing, "that's late for you."

"I know," Sapnap said with a rising laugh, "laser-tag had me exhausted!"

"Me too," Dream replied. "These past few days have left my legs a little sore."

"Yeah," George joked, "us gamers aren't used to so much physical activity." The three of them started laughing at the statement.

"Okay, whatever," Sapnap continued the conversation, rolling his eyes. "I'm going to raid the fridge and fix me something to eat. Are you two going to get up or go back to sleep?"

"I think we're too awake now to go back asleep," Dream answered, glancing at George for his input. He nodded, and Dream began climbing out of bed while pocketing his phone, George following a moment after.

"Geez, you two act like a couple when you get out of bed together like that," Sapnap casually commented, smirk teasing. George rushed past Dream and chased after Sapnap, intent on hitting the man in the arm, and Dream felt his face flush red, chest clenching the same way it did earlier. If only.

---

Their lunch consisted of sandwiches and potato chips, and as Sapnap returned to the living after putting the large, half-eaten bag of potato chips back in Dream's pantry, he opened a small bag of Skittles, chucking one in his mouth and returning his attention to the Youtube video they'd put on the TV. All three of them were sharing Dream's couch, comfortably sitting side-by-side, with Dream and Sapnap sitting on the outside and George between them.

"Oh yeah, I forgot we had Skittles," Dream casually commented, watching Sapnap enjoy his treat, as George piped up from beside him "Oh, can I have one?"

"Sure," Sapnap replied, looking over towards George. "what color?"

"The red ones are always good, can't stand the green ones though," George said, and Sapnap picked a candy from his palm and handed it to George with a small smirk.

George eyed Sapnap's expression. "You didn't give me a green one, right?"

The smirk grew wider. "No, it's red."

Dream looked at the Skittle; It was green. Dream rolled his eyes with a suppressed chuckle, but George caught it.

"Sapnap, I know you gave me a green one."

Snorting, Sapnap started to laugh, and handed George another skittle. "Okay, okay, here. This one is red, I promise."

"Is this one green too?"

"No, it's red, I swear."

"Are you lying?"

".... Maybe." George put the second Skittle in his mouth and started chewing. After a moment, he spoke up.

"You're dead to me," he said calmly. The second Skittle had been green as well.

Dream burst into laughter at George's reaction, Sapnap joining in. George started giggling when Dream began to wheeze, the laugh sounding rather painful, and their laughter only grew. It took a full minute for their laughs to subside, and when they were done laughing, Sapnap poured the rest of his Skittles in his mouth, chewing with delight.

"Here, you want this one?" George asked Dream, holding out the first green Skittle Sapnap had given him. Nodding, Dream held out his hand, and George dropped the skittle in his palm.

"It weirds me out how your fingers are the same length," Sapnap randomly said, causing George to giggle.

"They aren't the exact same length," Dream defended himself, popping the candy in his mouth and quickly eating it before he continued. "My middle finger is still the longest, and my pinky is still shorter than the other fingers."

"Yeah, but that doesn't save you from the fact your pinky is still almost as long as your ring finger," Sapnap argued back, and started chuckling when Dream threw one of the couch's pillows at him.

"Oh yeah? Well at least I don't have baby hands like George does."

George made an offended noise. "Why'd you attack me? Sapnap's the one bullying you!"

"Because you started it," was Dream's reply, and George swatted at him.

"No I didn't!"

"Yeah, you did," Dream playfully argued, "you're the one who made me hold out my hand for Sapnap to see."

"I do not deserve this belittlement," George playfully shot back, "I do not have baby hands, and both of you are officially dead to me."

"Wow, such a low blow." A loud noise reminded the three of that they were doing before, and their conversation calmed to a stop as they continued watching the video.

A couple of minutes later, Dream found George begin to lean against him, his head coming to rest on his shoulder.

"You better not be taking a nap, you've slept the longest out of the three of us all week," Dream warned.

George's face scrunched up at the accusation. "I'm not going to fall asleep, I promise." He paused for a moment, before adding, "And I'm the one with the most jet lag, I'm still recovering."

"It's been five days though," Sapnap said.

"And?"

"And," Dream continued, "it only takes like, one or two days for jet lag to go away."

"And it only take one second for you to shut the hell up."

Dream started to chuckle, rolling his eyes. Sapnap snickered, and George giggled slightly.

Maybe it was the relaxful atmosphere, or the sound of the rain hitting the roof and the thunder overhead, or because he truly was still a little sleepy, or because he was leaning against the man he



loved, but George did end up dozing off on Dream's shoulder, and neither Dream nor Sapnap were surprised.

"I've met babies that sleep less than him," Sapnap joked when he'd noticed George nodded off, smile growing wider when George didn't jolt awake to jab back at him.

"Well maybe George is baby," was Dream's almost immediate reply, causing both of them to dissolve into uncontrollable giggles and wheezes after a moment of silence, Dream trying his best to keep his wheezes quiet to not disturb George. But George was out like a busted light, and stayed asleep even when Dream couldn't hold back anymore and a loud laugh escaped him, the noise akin to a goose honking.

It took them a couple of minutes for their laughter to completely calm, the video they were watching on the TV having ended during that time of laughter and the end screen stared back at them patiently, waiting for one of them to select a new video.

Sapnap grabbed the remote off the small coffee table in front of them and surfed through recommendations, settling on a random compilation of cooking fails from a selection of competitive cooking shows.

"Bad would've had a stroke watching this," Sapnap commented a minute in, after a scene depicted an older man shrieking profanities as he dropped the cake he had spent the last two hours decorating, "would've yelled and left the room."

Dream chuckled, the mental image amusing. "He definitely would've." His attention returned back to the TV, or at least his head turned back to look at it. Sapnap had a strange feeling his attention was more directed at George, who looked to be slowly snuggling into Dream.

Sapnap knew they were in the home stretch. George was aware of Dream's feelings, and wanted to confess to him, the only thing remaining being to get Dream to realize George liked him back, albeit the man was one of the most stubborn people he's ever had the chance to meet.

"You two would make a great couple, y'know," Sapnap began, testing the waters. Just how far up the road of denial was Dream, really?

Dream laughed lightly at the comment, the normally-amused noise coming off bittersweet. "If only," was his reply.

"If only what?" Sapnap pressed. Dream gave him a look, as if he already knew the answer. Sapnap figured he knew what Dream was about to say.

"If only George liked me back, obviously," Dream said, quietly, as if George would hear him and it would make a difference. Newsflash idiot, he knows.

Sapnap knew better than to say that though, and instead replied with, "What makes you think he doesn't like you back?"

Dream paused, and went silent. And stayed silent. Sapnap began to grow hopeful every second. Was Dream finally-

"He's never told me he loves me, for one."

Sapnap took a slow, deep breath in, wanting nothing more than to grab the nearest hardcover book to slam it over his dumbass friend's head.

"He's never flirted either," Dream adds on, and Sapnap has to stop himself from rolling his eyes. "And he just doesn't seem interested in the same way I am."

Sapnap took a couple of seconds looking at Dream with the most unimpressed face he's probably ever pulled in his life, blinking and gathering his thoughts.

"First off, you can't say anything about him not flirting meaning he doesn't like you back, because I haven't seen you flirt once with him either," Sapnap began going off, voice calm but stern.

"Second, ever thought he hasn't said it because he does actually love you and is just too nervous? And THIRD-" Sapnap raised his voice at the word, seeing Dream opening his mouth to reply. Sapnap paused, allowing Dream to close his mouth before he continued. "And third, please look to you right and you will find your best friend curled into your side like a long-lost lover, and as a bonus I bet you haven't noticed you've been tracing a circle on his shoulder with your thumb."

Dumbfounded, Dream turned his head to look at George, the hand that rested around his shoulder that was tracing circles abruptly going still. Thinking he got him this time, Sapnap hid a victorious smile.

But Dream looked back to his face, confusion spread on his own face. "But he's been like this since he's arrived."

Sapnap had never once prayed in his life, but he was about to start doing it right then, right there, because he was about to start crying and he wanted to stand up and punch a wall, or go outside and start screaming bloody murder.

"What does that even mean?" Sapnap practically pleaded, growing so done of these shenanigans. Seriously, what was he in, some kind of cheesy rom com?! Holy shit!

"Uhm," Dream hesitantly began, as if he was unsure of himself. "I don't know, I think he's just that cuddly type of friend?"

Sapnap pondered over his comment for a bit, figuring that Dream was right this time and that yeah, there were really affectionate people out there. "... Touche," he said, nodding.

Sapnap decided to drop their conversation after that, he didn't want to blow a fuse. Besides, he had a feeling he got to Dream a little bit during their chat.

---

"UNO, BITCH!" Sapnap shrieked, slamming down his pair of queens, holding only one more card in his hands.

"We're playing Go Fish?" George commented, confused. He had woken up only ten minutes ago to Dream shaking him awake, wondering if he was down to play cards with him and Sapnap.

"Still, I only have one card left, so suck it," Sapnap bragged.

"M'kay," George said calmly, and turned to Dream. "Hey, Dream, do you have a three?"

Dream's face broke into a sly grin. "Why yes, I do," he said, voice unusually cheerful, and he grabbed the three from his hand of cards, giving it to George, who enthusiastically grabbed it and put the three he had in his own hand down, laying the cards down together. Like Sapnap, George

only had one card left.

"Look who has Uno now, bitch," George teased, and felt Sapnap kick him from under the coffee table. Incoherent voices played on the TV, leaving Youtube on autoplay to allow white noise to fill the room. Patches had reappeared from wherever she liked spending her free time, and was curled up on the couch where the three were just sitting.

Dream laughed, wheezing, while Sapnap sent him a glare, feigning anger.

"Okay Dream, your turn," Sapnap reminded, and Dream sobered up, his gaze flickering between his friends multiple times.

"Hey, George," he eventually spoke up, "do you have a jack?"

"Hmmmm," George dramatically replied, a hand coming up to stroke his chin, as if he was in thought. "I don't know, what does it look like?"

"It looks like this," Dream played into the joke, showing George his card, which was in fact, a jack. The jack of hearts.

"Oh!" George said, breaking into a smile. "Like this?" George laid down his card in front of Dream, which was another jack.

"Yeah!" Dream exclaimed, and grabbed the card, setting the pair of jacks down on the table.

"Haha, I win!" George announced, and stuck his tongue out at Sapnap. The man simply rolled his eyes at his friend, although an amused grin was stuck on his face.

"Well yeah, since you two love to chose each other and leave me out," he teased back, "I can't believe it. I'm the third wheel in a game of Go Fish, incredible."

Dream smacked one of Sapnap's arm with the deck of card, having gathered them while Sapnap was speaking, George whacking Sapnap's other arm with his hand.

"Idiot, I had just asked you two minutes ago if you had an ace!" George defended, a giggle beginning to form at the end of his words.

"He's just mad he hasn't won a game yet," Dream accused, shuffling the deck.

"Whatever, let's just play Uno or something," Sapnap said. "Bet I'd dominate in that game."

"Yeah, because I'm colorblind, you jerk," George joked, "I have an unfair disadvantage."

"Don't they make colorblind Uno decks now?" Sapnap genuinely wondered, his tease temporarily dropped. "Like, Uno decks for colorblind people to play with?"

"No, I don't think so?" George replied, confused. Dream snorted from where he sat slowing his shuffle to let the two hold an uninterrupted conversation, and also to listen better.

"No, I swear I've seen on at like, a Cracker Barrel," Sapnap said, and pulled out his phone. "Hold on, let me Google it."

"What the hell is a Cracker Barrel?" George asked as Sapnap let out a victorious "Ha! Told you so!" Sapnap turned his phone towards George and showed him the search results of his search.

"Oh, I didn't know they started doing that," George replied, impressed. "But we're still not playing

Uno."

"Loser," Sapnap began his teasing again. "Why don't we play, like, Sudoku or another card game?" Dream began wheezing.

"Sudoku isn't a card game, Sapnap," George commented. Sapnap frowned at him, confused.

"Yeah it is."

"No, it isn't." Dream began wheezing harder.

"Yeah it is, it's that game where you lay the cards down and you have to order them from ace to king and stuff."

"Sapnap, that's *Solitaire* ."

"OH!" At that point, Dream had left the card deck he'd been shuffling on the table and was falling over on his side, sprawling on the floor clutching his stomach, laughter loud and infectious. George burst into his own guffaw, Sapnap joining in moments later. It was the hardest laugh they had all day.

"That reminds me of when you kept calling the cleric a clergy!" Dream howled through his laughter, and George laughed impossibly harder. Sapnap weakly hit Dream's leg, laughing breathlessly.

"Shut up!" Sapnap said, sobering himself up enough to speak, "I get confused, okay?!"

George had laid down too, at that point, on his back, his head laying next to Dream's as they laughed together. Sapnap slowly let his laugh calm as he watched his friends continue to laugh, reminiscing about the similar moments he's had with Rose when they've played card games together.

Damn, he should call her soon, he missed her, and he hadn't called her since the day before, his phone having died after they left the laser-tag arena yesterday and Rose having already gone to bed by the time Sapnap had his phone charged.

Another round of laughter picking up regained his attention, and he peeked over the table to watch George weakly hit Dream in the shoulder, both of them now on their backs, George breathlessly begging "stop laughing, stop laughing, I can't breathe you asshole".

Sapnap's grin grew wider. Yeah, they were going to be an amazing couple when they finally got their shit together.

---

It was a little after three in the afternoon, and the storm was still refusing to let up, although the thunder and lightning weren't as bad as before.

"Please don't tell me it's going to be like this tomorrow," George complained, the three logging into Minecraft, having grown bored of playing cards after roughly an hour straight of playing them.

"I don't think it's going to be as bad, but there's a high chance of light rain and maybe a thunderstorm," Dream replied, swirling his mouse in a circle as his screen finished loading the

game. "I was thinking we'd go to the aquarium tomorrow, it's in the next town over."

"That doesn't sound like a bad idea," Sapnap said, muttering a small "yes!" as his game loaded into the start screen. George huffed, his still loading, but agreed with Sapnap's comment a moment later, stating a "Yeah, an aquarium sounds like fun".

When George's screen finished loading, they hopped onto a private server often used for testing their newly-coded plugins, with the intention of goofing around in a survival world.

Their version of goofing off involved quite a few swears, "accidental" murders, ear-bleeding shrieks from George, breaking and running from as many beehives as possible, boisterous laughter from Dream, angering every pack of wolves in sight, Sapnap once again calling clerics "clergies", and bringing chaotic havoc on every village they came across, the phrase 'boys will be boys' a relevant description of their collective playstyle.

Two hours effortlessly passed by, and they would've let another two or three pass by just as well, except the weather decided it didn't want them to play anymore, and after a very loud clap of thunder, the three suddenly found themselves without power.

"Ah, damn," Dream casually commented, wiggling his mouse as if it would magically fix his power. George's laptop suddenly cut off, the device having been charging and being played at the same time at one percent, and quickly died without charge. Sapnap's laptop was the only one on, but he quickly powered it off and close it to save its now limited power. Dream pulled his phone from his pocket and checked the time, making a noise of acknowledgment at his phone in the process. "So.... sandwiches again?"

"I mean, do we really have a choice?" Sapnap asked, beginning to chuckle.

"Nope."

"Didn't think so," George stole Sapnap's reply, and the three of them stood up and stretched, bodies happy for the happy. Sometimes, the weather wasn't too bad.

As George and Sapnap walked into the kitchen, using their phones' flashlights to see, Dream ducked into a closet close to the front door, and started bringing out an array of large, white, and hopefully unscented candles.

"Damn, you're used to this, aren't you?" Sapnap asked, watching as Dream expertly placed an eighth candle on the table, as well as a lighter.

"Pretty much, welcome to Florida," Dream replied, a light chuckle following.

"Are those all the same scent, or..." George trailed off, already imagining the headache they'd be getting if all eight were different scents.

"It's half-and-half," Dream replied, beginning to light the candles, the small flames casting a fair amount of light in the room. "Four are vanilla, and the other four are.... some sort of flower, I think?"

"That both surprises me and does not at the same time," Sapnap said, walking closer to the table and allowing himself to sniff the combined scent of the candles. "Smells good."

"Yep, it's the same two scents my mom uses at her house," Dream replied proudly.

"Does every Floridian have emergency candles?" George asked, dumbfounded.

"I don't think everyone does, but a lot of us do because it storms quite a lot down here," Dream replied with a smile, having lit the last candle. He placed the lighter back in the closet and closed the door shut, and grabbed two of the candles off the table. Sapnap returned to the kitchen as Dream began placing the candles around the house, and George suddenly realized something.

"Hey, aren't you worried Patches might knock a candle over and set something on fire?" George called.

"Yeah, that's why I've put them in these boxes, come look!" Dream answered, and both George and Sapnap left the kitchen, entering the bathroom where they thought they heard Dream's voice come from.

Dream was indeed in the bathroom, standing with one candle in his hand, the second candle placed in the corner of the sink where the walls met, sitting in what appeared to be a tiny milk crate, barely large enough to fit the large candle.

"What the fuck," Sapnap said, his voice baffled. "Are those tiny milk crates?"

"Yeah," Dream replied, a dumb grin growing on his face. He crouched down, and opened the cabinet under the sink, pulling out yet another tiny milk crate. "I put hot glue on the bottom of them to help stop them from sliding around easily, and the added weight of the candle prevents Patches from knocking any of the candles off." Dream finished, looking proud of himself.

George snorted a laugh, but nodded, impressed. Sapnap just gave him a look, but ultimately shrugged, saying the classic "Good for you".

Sapnap and George helped Dream put the rest of the candle up around the house, and by the time they were done, the house definitely looked lighter, although still very dim, the combined scents of the two types candles basking the house in a wonderful smell.

As they made back to the kitchen, they suddenly took note of how hungry they've gotten, and rather quickly made themselves something to eat.

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There was something rather relaxing about spending the evening with his two best friends as they chatted casually in the living room, looking at their slowly dying phones and cracking jokes, their laughing sounded louder due to the power shutting down everything that intentionally or intentionally made white noise. George found it fun watching one of the few movies Sapnap had downloaded on his laptop, squinting slightly while sitting on the couch in order to properly see the screen, the laptop sitting on the end of the coffee table. It didn't help that he could only see from one eye, the other one forced shut from his cheek being cradled in the palm of his hand. It also didn't help that the laptop was tilted slightly towards the left, accounting for Sapnap's field of vision as he laid sprawled on the love seat, on his phone and not even paying attention to the movie. They had eaten, taken showers, and thrown on the clothes they've been sleeping in for the past few days, and were perfectly comfortable in their seats.

George had been looking for the perfect moment all day, but so far, none had presented itself to him. Either they weren't alone, or the atmosphere wasn't right, or it just didn't feel like the best time to suddenly blurt out 'I'm in love with you'.

He was determined though, and was constantly scouting for it. He wasn't growing impatient, per se,

more on the lines of growing antsy. He could wait, he just didn't want to.

"What is even the plot of this movie?" George heard Dream gently ask to himself from beside him, bringing him from his thoughts. "Hey, Sapnap..." Dream began, a little louder, but paused, and George perked his head from his hand and looked over, seeing Sapnap with his phone laying on his chest and his eyes closed, his breathing slow and gentle.

Dream chuckled very lightly. "Nevermind," he said, voice almost to a whisper. Dream shifted in his seat, and leaned forward, turning the laptop to face them and turning the brightness down, smiling when his back hit the back of the couch.

"The power should be back on by morning," Dream suddenly commented, turning his head towards George. "It's normally like this."

"Oh, okay," George replied, unsure of why the topic was suddenly brought up. He turned his head towards Dream, catching a whiff of the fragrance the candles gave off, smelling of vanilla and some kind of flower, like Dream had said earlier.

"Sapnap was right, earlier," George said, closing his eyes and gently inhaling deeper, liking the calming scent. A relaxed smile grew on his face. "The candles smell nice together."

When George opened his eyes, he was surprised to see Dream's expression. It was similar to the look he'd given him at the laser-tag arena the day before, the same look of admiration and want. George suddenly felt an atmosphere settle between them, indescribable, but electric, like the storm raging above them, still rumbling gently with thunder every now and then, as if something was gearing up to happen.

George snuck a very quick glance towards Sapnap. He was still asleep.

They were alone. The atmosphere felt encouraging, the moment felt *right*.

*Now was his chance.*

Hey, Dream," George nervously began, voice quiet, and internally cringed at himself. Are you kidding me?! Nervous, right now?! "I... um, I want to talk to you about something." His stomach started to erupt in the most severe case of butterflies he's ever had.

Dream looked at George, beginning to grow confused and a little nervous. However, the atmosphere held, and the moment persisted. He wasn't going to let it escape. Not when he's been waiting this long.

"Sure, what do you want to talk about?" Dream replied, his voice the same volume as George's had been a second ago, the conversation becoming more intimate, and atmosphere stabilizing and settling even further. An oblivious Sapnap slept on silently.

"Uh...." George's mind blanked. Goddamnit! He's an idiot! He should've thought about what he was going to say earlier! Fuck! Shit! "Uh....."

"... It's okay, take your time," Dream said gently, supportively, and George saw his eyes soften, allowing both nervousness and fondness to show more clearly.

Shit, no, don't be nervous. George almost blurted that out, but kept it to himself. Instead, he dug

deep within himself, grabbed ahold of the feelings making him feel like he was going to vomit, and took a deep breath, channeling his emotions into words.

"I just wanted to thank you, for letting me spend the week with you, and trusting me enough to show your face to me," George began, not looking away from Dream's eyes. He saw his nervousness grow, but George pushed on, acutely confident in what he was doing. "I've had so much fun, here in Florida, with you and Sapnap."

"I've... I've had fun too," Dream replied honestly, lost. Regardless, a small little smile had spread to his face when he spoke. George took that as a queue to continue.

"And I'm really, really happy to be your friend, your best friend." George swallowed, still nervous, and he watched as something grew behind the mutual nervousness in Dream's eyes. Hope. George was getting through to him. "But..." George trailed off, watching Dream intently, watching to see if the hope grew.

It did, as Dream leaned forwards slightly, hyperfocused on George. Thank god. "But?" Dream said gently, oh so gently, as if the word was a fragile piece of glass about to shatter.

"But," George continued. "But truthfully, I want more."

"More?" Dream echoed, confused, and George quickly went on.

"I want to be more than friends. I'm in love with you, Clay."

George wish he had captured the moment, the exact moment all the confusion and fear in his eyes shatter, as he took a short gasp of shocked breath, his eyes opening wider and his eyes suddenly brimming with pure, unfiltered joy.

"You.... Love me?" His voice was laced with shock, disbelief, and joy, utter joy. Pure ecstasy.

"Yes," George breathed, a gentle smile gracing his lips, a single relieved tear streaming down his face, "I love you."

Dream's hands were suddenly cupping George's face, and Dream gently pressed his forehead against George's, a huge grin breaking onto his face.

"I love you too," Dream whispered, almost too quiet to hear. But George heard, and his small smile grew.

The moment held for a heartbeat longer, before the atmosphere shifted.

"Can I...?" Dream whispered again, and George noticed a similar glint of want in Dream's eyes. Dream didn't have to finish his question to know what he wanted, George could read it in his eyes.

George slightly, subtly nodded his head, almost unnoticeable. But Dream did notice, and knew he had the yes he needed.

George almost broke into a face-splitting grin as one of Dream's hands dropped from George's face and slid down his chest and stomach, wrapping around his waist, and Dream pressed forward, body practically sinking into George's as Dream slid his other hand from his cheek to hook around George's neck, and both of their eyes fluttered shut as all space between their bodies vanished. They paused for one final, small breath, and then their lips gracefully, gently met, a gentle rumble of thunder smoothing overheard.



This kiss was nothing George could even have dreamed of, it was much, much better. George could feel his entire body warm with emotion as he pressed further into the kiss, arms wrapping around Dream's waist. Dream pressed further into George, and he leaned back. He leaned back, he leaned back, and leaned until his back was pressed against the cushion of the couch that was now beneath him, and their kiss deepened exponentially, the two of them practically melting together as they become numb to everything around them but each other, savoring the moment, savoring each other, relief and sweet happiness radiating off them as they breathed in the sweet scent of the house through their noses, not wanting to break apart for a moment, hands gripping each other tightly.

Sapnap slept peacefully on, blissfully unaware of what was currently happening not even ten feet away from it.

And it was probably better if he didn't know, it would've created quite the mortifying moment if he had were to have woken up. But he didn't, and Dream and George carried on until they felt too tired from their actions and from their emotions running high, and drifted off on the couch together, the movie they were watching completely forgotten.

## Chapter End Notes

I actually had to pause multiple times near the end because I was fangirling at my own writing holy christ-

ANYWAYS

We've reached a new chapter in their relationship! Everyone pop open the non-alcoholic champagne bottle and celebrate lmao!

I'm excited for the next two chapters, and you heard that right, TWO! We're on the home stretch now, and we only have two chapters left until we sadly reach the end.

But who knows, maybe I'll write a bonus epilogue chapter if that's what you guys want at the end of the fic, I'd be happy to comply. This chapter was both difficult and fun to write, and I hope that everyone managed to stay in character and dialogue remained natural, because once again this was a toughy!!

Once again tysm for reading this, I'm so shocked we've passed 1k hits and have over 189 kudos like that's... that's insane! 7 Days in Florida has only been up for like only a few days!!!

Anyways, have a WONDERFUL day/night, and I'll see you guys soon!!!!

## Day 6: Taking a Long Walk at a Liquid Zoo Can Be Kinda Romantic, Not Gonna Lie

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap literally calls for a celebration, the three head to an aquarium for the day, and Dream and George make the most of their final full day together before they have to say their goodbyes.

### Chapter Notes

If you're wondering why this chapter took a couple of days to write, please take notice that this chapter is 7517 WORDS LONG and I think my Google Docs wanted to shut down from the length of it because it started lagging so much towards the end of writing this chapter lmaooooo

Anyways, here it is, the next-to-last chapter! Strap in, because we only have one. more. left O-O  
I'm nervous and excited about it, aren't you?

Anyways I'm too excited to think of anything to write, so just go! READ!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Going to sleep in one place and waking up in another often disorients someone. That was the case for George when he woke up the following morning, finding himself in Dream's bed snuggled up to him. Confused, George poked Dream awake.

"Hey," he said drowsily when Dream made a noise and his eyes fluttered open, "when'd we get in here?"

"Hmmm," Dream sleepily replied, closing his eyes again. "Don't know... 'Round two or something? Woke up to blow the candles out, carried you in here.. Refuse to sleep on that couch again this week..." He was already dozing off by the time he finished his sentence.

"You can carry me?" George asked, astounded.

"Yeah," Dream bluntly replied, voice hovering around a whisper, "you're light as hell, it was easy."

George began blushing at the mental image of Dream carrying him in any fashion. "Oh..."

Suddenly inhaling deep, Dream sat up in bed and rubbed at his eyes, carding a hand through his hair. Waking up more from the action, George stared at his friend- no, *partner* -, slightly confused. "What's wrong?"

"I'm not sleeping until eleven today, not when this is our last full day left until you and Sapnap

head home,” Dream replied, voice determined.

George gave him a bittersweet smile, Dream returning the same smile when he turned his head and looked at him.

“Now that you mention it, me neither,” George said, and he sat up in bed, leaning over and meeting Dream halfway for an affectionately long kiss on the lips, George bringing a hand up and resting under Dream’s chin in a romantic gesture.

When they parted, George’s attention was caught something in the background, and his eyes shifted to the bedroom door over Dream’s left shoulder.

And there stood Sapnap, eyes wide, mouth agape, frozen like someone hit the pause button on time, expression a colliding mixture of shock, pride, happiness, and utter embarrassment.

“Heeeeeeeey, buddy,” George awkwardly greeted, causing Dream to turn his body around and look towards Sapnap, beginning to laugh loudly when he noticed his friend standing in the doorway.

“Hey Sapnap!” Dream greeted cheerfully.

Sapnap blinked, and unfroze, becoming animated again.

“Okay so first off, congrats,” he began, nodding. “Second off, when the fuck did you two get your shit together?!”

“Last night,” Dream replied, grinning.

“Like, right after you fell asleep,” George added, beginning to smile.

“And you didn’t think to wake me up?!” Sapnap yelled at them, joyful, yet slightly angry. “I watched you two pine for five days straight, and neither of you thought, ‘hey, we probably need to tell our best friend, let’s wake him up’?! Inconsiderate bastards! I’m unfriending both of you!”

George rolled his eyes, a laugh beginning to bubble in his chest, Dream wheezing.

“Oh wow, I didn’t know it was considered being inconsiderate deciding to wait until we all woke up to tell you,” Dream teased in reply, wheezing again when Sapnap sputtered in response and started smiling.

“But for real though,” Sapnap said, his smile growing into a grin, “congrats you guys, I’m happy for both of you.”

“Thanks, Sapnap,” Dream said, voice growing softer.

“Yeah, thanks,” George echoed, “If it weren’t for you grilling me the other day, I think we’d still be oblivious idiots.”

Sapnap snorted, a smirk taking place of his grin. “Oh, so you finally admit to being an idiot?”

“I retract my previous statement; Fuck you,” George shot immediately back, pulling a neutral expression for a moment before it broke, the happy smile easily coming back. Dream burst into a fit of laughter, the laugh a little raspy from him just having woken up. Sapnap shot a playing glare at George, snickering.

Dream shot a glance at his clock and read the time, happy to note it was only eight in the morning. Good, they were up earlier than usual. Dream wanted to make the most out of their day, and was

determined to do so.

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“What do you mean, you don’t know how to cook an omelet?” Dream asked, dumbfounded, standing over his stove. He didn’t turn to face George, who he was asking his question to, eyes remaining watchful of the pan he was cooking eggs in, making the trio omelets. “Omelets are so easy.”

“I don’t know, I’ve only ever eaten them at restaurants,” George replied, him and Sapnap seated at the island, watching Dream’s back. Or at least George was, Sapnap was on his phone again. They’d asked him earlier who he had been talking to all week, and why he replied with “Mostly Rose, why?”, Sapnap had been teased for a solid five minutes about it, Sapnap shooting off with his own teases, the light and harmless banter kicking off the morning to very a happy day.

“Your parents never made them when you were a kid?” Dream’s voice sounded surprisingly concerned.

“No, not that I remember,” George said confidently.

“Oh my god your parents are canceled,” Dream bluntly commented, laughter heard in his voice, “they’re canceled.”

“Wow, you’re canceling my parents?” George joked, knowing he wasn’t serious.

He knew Dream was smiling when he replied with “Yep!” Sapnap chuckled at their conversation.

“What, been together for less than twelve hours are you two already acting like a married couple?” he asked, shaking his head. “Putting every other couple to shame right now.”

George kicked Sapnap’s shin, but was already breaking into small laughter, Dream’s louder chuckling almost covering it. Sapnap began laughing as well, and the three shared a moment of soft laughter before Dream sidestepped to the right and quickly plated a fresh omelet, turning and placing it on the island. It was plain and simple, with just ham and cheese.

Sapnap reached out and grabbed the plate, calling out “Dibs!”. George only rolled his eyes, and Dream fetched a fork for Sapnap.

“Want anything on it?” Dream asked, handing Sapnap his fork.

“Got any salsa?” Sapnap asked in return.

“Yeah, let me get it,” Dream casually replied, turning around and opening the fridge beside the stove.

“Salsa?” George questioned, voice laced with genuine disgust. “What?”

“Yeah, salsa,” Sapnap said, “like the kinda you have with chips.”

“But why?” George continued asking.

Sapnap shrugged. “Why not? It’s good.”

“Getting close to running out, but here’s some,” Dream reentered the conversation, placing a small jar of salsa on the island, the jar dangerously close to being empty.

“Thanks,” Sapnap said, and opened the jar. He gave a sparing glance to George, and flipped the jar upside-down over his omelet, emptying the rest of the salsa onto the plate.

There wasn’t much in the jar, but it still looked a little overkill.

“That’s disgusting,” George commented, and shuffled his stool to the right, away from Sapnap.

“You’re disgusting,” Sapnap childishly shot back, and stabbed his food, gathering a large portion of it onto his fork and placing it in his mouth. He chewed for a few moments, and then swallowed. Dream reached over and grabbed the empty jar off the island, tossing it into the trash.

“Okay,” Sapnap admitted honestly, “I think I put a little too much.”

Dream and George started laughing at Sapnap’s karmic misfortune.

Dream made two more omelets fairly quickly for George and himself, who ate them without salsa, obviously; Although Dream did add a small amount of extra cheese on his.

George took a bite of his food, Dream watching. Sapnap had moved to the adjacent side of the island, beside George, to allow Dream and George to sit together, George having taken Sapnap’s stool, and Dream having taken George’s, pushing it back to its original position in the process of sitting down.

“How is it?” Dream asked, curious. George waited a couple of seconds before speaking.

“Who gave you the right to make this so good?” George asked back, impressed. Dream laughed happily, and shoved a large portion of his omelet into his mouth. Sapnap refrained from telling a dirty joke at the notion, allowing the two of them to have their moment.

“No, seriously, this is really good!” George continued to compliment, Dream’s smile growing. “Better than the ones in London, definitely.”

“I’ve been making them since I was a kid, basically,” Dream replied, proud. “I used to love helping my mom in the kitchen. I’ve learned a lot from her.”

“You still suck at pasta though, don’t you?” Sapnap quickly teased, unable to help himself that time.

“Pasta can go fuck itself,” Dream simply replied, and George began to laugh, almost choking on the food in his mouth. Luckily, he didn’t. “It’s cursed. I hate it. But tasty.”

George continued to laugh, dragging the other two in. They shared another moment filled with laughter.

“Okay, but for real, this is so good,” George resumed their conversation, taking another bite and speaking around it. “Wish I could take you back with me, I’m too spoiled to go back to eating restaurant omelets.”

“Sorry, but I don’t think I’d survive in London,” Dream replied, “the only tea I drink is iced and deathly sweet.”

“Well good news, I don’t even like tea,” George said. Dream laughed.

“Oh, I forgot you told me that,” he admitted. Sapnap smiled at them, looking up from his phone.

“Hey,” he interrupted, causing Dream and George to look at him, “can I tell Bad the news?”

“Oh, yeah, of course,” Dream immediately replied, “I’m sure he’d be surprised.”

“Eh, not really, he’s less dense about it than you guys were,” Sapnap replied, and his shin was kicked again by George. “What? It’s true!”

George rolled his eyes at his friend as Sapnap tapped his phone a couple of times and pushed it to the middle of the island, the ringing slightly distorted from being put on speaker. It suddenly stopped as Bad picked up.

“Hello?” Bad asked, sounding cheerful. “Oh, hey Sapnap!”

“Hey Bad,” Sapnap replied, smiles breaking onto the three’s faces. “You’re on speaker.”

“Oh, who else am I talking to then?” Bad questioned. “Is it Dream and George?”

“Yeah, they’re right beside me,” Sapnap confirmed.

“Oh, hey you two!” Bad greeted enthusiastically, “Where are you guys right now?”

“In my kitchen,” Dream replied. “We’re eating breakfast.”

“Ooooo,” Bad said, interested. “What is it, pancakes?”

“Omelets,” George answered, “They’re really good.”

“So what are you doing, Bad?” Sapnap asked, opening the door to a new conversation.

“I’m on my couch, watching TV,” he replied. “Rat’s sleeping in my lap right now.”

“That’s cute,” Sapnap commented. “Hey, we got some news for you.”

“Oh?” Bad’s interest was piqued. “Is it good or not good news?”

“It’s good news,” Dream replied for Sapnap.

“Oh, what’s the news then, you muffins?”

“I’m the official chronic third wheel,” Sapnap announced. Dream and George shared an eyeroll. Really? That’s how you tell him?

“Huh?” Bad asked, confused. “I thought we were the third wheel from the start.”

“No, Bad, listen,” Sapnap attempted to vaguely explain for the sole purpose of messing with him, “I’m now the official third wheel. Official.”

“Official,” Bad slowly repeated the word, and hummed in thought. Then the call went quiet.

“Bad?” George asked after a couple of seconds of silence.

“Wait!” Bad suddenly yelled, the phone’s speaker peaking from the volume, “Are you two actually together?!” Dream started laughing loudly, a wheeze taking him by surprise. George couldn’t help but start laughing too, Bad’s reaction and Dream’s laughter too funny to George.

“Yeah!” Sapnap yelled back into his phone, “They said they got together last night!”

“OH MY GOD!” Sapnap’s phone almost couldn’t handle the volume, speaker crackling like a popping fire, “REALLY!? I’M SO HAPPY FOR YOU TWO!”

“Aww, thanks Bad!” Dream replied a little bashfully. George copied him a moment later, exclaiming an “Aw, thank you so much, Bad!”

“So are you two going to tell your fans?” Bad asked, and the two of them cringed slightly.

“Ah, I don’t know about that,” George began.

“Yeah, at least for right now. We might tell them later, right George?”

“Yeah,” George agreed. “That, or that fans will somehow find out before we tell them. I swear, they’re like spies or something, it’s insane.”

The four of them shared a quick laugh.

“Alright, I’m going to let you go now,” Sapnap began to say goodbye to Bad. “Hope you have a good day, dude.”

“Ah, you too!” Bad replied, a large smile heard in his voice. “Congrats again, you two!”

“Thanks,” Dream and George thanked Bad simultaneously, and began laughing softly as the three said goodbye, Sapnap hanging up.

“Well, he seemed really happy for us,” George commented once Sapnap had his phone back in his hands. Dream nodded and finished his omelet, quickly stuffing the rest of it in his mouth.

“Mmhmm,” he agreed.

“Should we go ahead and tell anyone else?” George asked Dream. He shrugged.

“I don’t see why not.”

The three of them spent the next hour calling various friends to spread the news, all of them excited and joyful for them, and also promising not to mention it to anyone else until they got the okay, Sapnap making sure to text Bad the same thing at one point during their train of calls. The hour was filled with multiple happy laughs, smiles, and congratulations.

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“So how far is the aquarium from here?” Sapnap asked, the three getting into the car. It was currently a little after half-past ten.

“I think around forty-five minutes, I don’t know,” Dream answered, buckling his seatbelt. “I’ve never really checked.”

“Wow, lame,” George joked, Dream gently slapping George on the arm in response.

George grabbed his wrist as his hand left him, and his hand slid down to link their fingers. They beamed at each other before letting go so Dream could put the car in reverse, but as soon as he had

the car back into drive they linked hands again and rested the joined pair on the center console.

“So what’s it called again?” George asked, “The aquarium?”

“You mean a liquid zoo,” Sapnap stated confidently.

“Liquid zoo?” George asked.

“Liquid zoo,” Sapnap repeated.

“No,” Dream warned, turning onto a new road.

“Yes.” Sapnap broke into a smile. “Liquid zoo. Liquid zoo. Liquid zoo.” He began chanting the two words, knowing it was beginning to harmlessly annoy Dream.

“I’m about to make you get out and walk,” Dream warned, all of them knowing full well he’d never do that.

“Water animal enclosures,” Sapnap suggested after a few moments of silence. The three of them snorted.

“Yes, we’re going to the water animal enclosures,” George continued the joke. They were still holding hands. Sapnap couldn’t stop smiling, he was too happy for them. He was proud of them, too.

“Hell yeah,” Sapnap teasingly cheered, and the car ride fell comfortably silent after Dream muttered a “Shut up”, a small laugh interrupting him.

And just like Dream had told them, the car ride only took roughly forty-five minutes, and they’d arrived at the aquarium in no time, comfortable moments of silence sparingly interrupted by a joke or comment, Dream and George’s hands remaining holding on to each other until Dream needed to shift into reverse in order to back into their chosen parking space, Dream having to let go in order to shift gears.

As the trio got from the car and walked up to the front door of the establishment, pavement wet and sky still overcast from yesterday’s storm, Sapnap began to fish his phone from his pocket, sending a quick text to Rose that they’d arrived.

Dream reached the door first, and held it open for a woman and her child exiting, the woman muttering a quick “Thank you” as her son dragged her towards the parking lot, and continued to hold it open for George and Sapnap, coming in and closing the door behind them.

But that was only the first set of doors.

“Hello,” a young man at a reception desk greeted them, the setup similar to that of a movie theatre. “Is it just three adult tickets?”

“Yes,” Dream replied, nodding. “Three adult tickets.”

“Wow, I normally get taken as a teenager,” George commented. The young employee’s eyes went wide.

“Oh, our adult tickets count for people ages fifteen and up,” he explained. “I thought you were, like, eighteen. Are you not?”

Dream and Sapnap burst into laughter as George shook his head no, and the employee apologized



with a nervous laugh, embarrassed.

“It’s fine,” George reassured, a small laugh coming from him. “It happens all the time.”

Dream was still laughing as he paid for the tickets but had calmed down by the time they reached the second set of doors, and once again Dream opened the door for his two friends, and they walked inside, Dream handing the three tickets he just bought to a lady standing next to the doors.

The inside was very, very spacious. It was obvious that the aquarium held many, many things, some of those being quite large. The walls around them were painted in a series of blues, ranging from dark to light, the floor tiled in a sandy beige color, the ceiling from what they could see made out of translucent glass, allowing as much natural light in as possible, a huge figurine of a whale’s skeleton making it a little difficult to see. A set of large windows sat on the exterior walls, giving a clear view of outside. People were scattered about, children dragging parents to various sections of the building, pairs and groups of teenagers cracking jokes and laughing, and couples of various ages strolling around in a relaxed pace, hands or arms clasped together.

“Okay,” Dream began with a huge smile, having seen George light up when taking in the central room, “Where should we go first?”

“I don’t know,” Sapnap began, holding his phone up to where Dream could see it. “But you two go on ahead, have some alone time today.”

The two of them frowned, unsure.

“Are you going to be okay by yourself?” George asked. Sapnap waved his phone dismissively at him.

“Yeah, I called Rose today and we agreed to video call so I could show her around the aquarium,” he answered. “Think of it as some type of double date or something.”

“But it kind of feels wrong, though,” George tried to argue, frown deepening. “You came down here to visit Dream-”

“George, I love you like a brother, but if you and Dream do not get out of my sight within the next ten seconds I’m going to actually lose my mind,” Sapnap warned, his tone and face serious. Feeling a small shot of fear run up their spines, George and Dream nodded, and began turning away.

But Dream paused, and turned back around.

“Thanks for not being upset about being a third wheel this week,” he thanked his friend. Sapnap snorted at him.

“Are you kidding me?” he replied with a smirk, “I had the time of my life watching my two best friends be complete and utter idiots when I wasn’t having the urge to hit my head repeatedly against the nearest flat surface.” Dream huffed a laugh and shook his head with a large smile, turning back around and following George, who was standing a couple of feet away, waiting on him. When Dream caught up to George, they linked their non-dominant hands together, Dream’s left holding George’s right. George looked around before pointing to the entrance of one of the aquarium’s many sections, the top of it label ‘The Reef Room’, and they couple started walking towards it, leaving a proud and happy Sapnap by the front entrance.

Sighing in relief, Sapnap unlocked his phone and tapped on Rose’s contact information, clicking the video call button. A few seconds passed before the call was picked up, and a familiar face

appeared.

“Hey, baby,” Rose said, a large and loving smile on her face. “How’s your day been?”

“Hey, babe,” Sapnap replied, a mirroring smile growing on his face as he answered. “My day’s been great so far, how’s yours been?”

“So boring,” she complained, and Sapnap laughed softly, beginning to walk the opposite way Dream and George went.

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“Oh, woah,” were the first words that came from George’s mouth as they passed through the small arched entrance and walked into another large room, a large circular shape, lights dimmed some to emphasize the slight glow of the very large cylinder fish tank in the middle of the room, as well as the tanks lined in the walls around the entire room, light silver plaques spaced evenly under them.

A small and happy gasp came from George as Dream slowly lead him further into the room, walking in a clockwise motion near the wall, a couple of small and colorful fish zipping across the bottom of the vivarium causing George’s gasp. “Did you see those? They were so small!” George’s hand tightened slightly against Dream’s, and he gave a small squeeze back, a loving smile beginning to warm on his face, the calming atmosphere of the aquarium swirling delightfully with his rising feelings of affection and admiration.

“Haha, yeah, I saw them,” Dream replied, and he couldn’t take his eyes off of George as they continued to slowly walk around the outskirts of the room, George’s eyes flickering from the tanks to the silver plaques, that upon closer inspection listed what type of fish were in each vivarium and a fun fact about them. Dream’s been to the aquarium many, many times in his life, to the point it was almost starting to bore him. So he was more than happy, to spend the entire time soaking up the way George, his partner, seemed to glow from the light reflecting from the tanks.

Suddenly, George’s eyes shifted away from the fish and the plaques, and he looked towards Dream, his smiling growing wider and softer seeing that Dream was already looking at him. Growing flustered, Dream ducked his head forwards and lowered it, bumping his forehead softly against George’s left shoulder, beginning to feel overwhelmed with the emotions growing in his chest and stomach; It felt like someone was slowly filling him with electric cotton, causing a giddy aftertaste that almost made his fingertips feel numb.

“Awwww,” George softly cooed, his head briefly tilting to rest against Dream’s, his right hand raising and quickly passing through his soft hair.

Dream nuzzled George’s neck softly, muttering a very quiet, very soft “I love you”, packed to the brim with admiration.

George’s smile could rival the sun as he replied an equally soft yet loaded “I love you too”.

The sound of a fussy child coming into the room casually jolted them out of their small trance, and after sharing a lingering gaze fitted with a smile, they continued to walk around the circumference of the room, George squeezing Dream’s hand every time he wanted to slow down to stare at a fish for a second or two longer. Dream had taken notice after the third time it was the slow and colorful fish that caught his eyes the most, and started slowing down every time he caught small colorful blobs in his peripheral vision.

It took roughly five minutes for them to walk the entire length around the room, and when they ended up where they started, they made their way to the center of the room to look at the large tank in the middle, George's smile growing again as they grew closer.

Dream didn't care about what was in the vivarium in front of them, he'd seen it all before, and he could easily see it again another day if he felt like it. If someone were to have asked him what type of tropical fish were in the tank, he would've shrugged, because he never took a single glance at it.

Instead, he was watching George, who was observing in awe the fish that swam by, and the pretty scenery of the simulated habitat, his grip on Dream's hand slightly relaxing. He looked peaceful, happy.

And Dream became in awe of him. Seeing George's face from a screen was one thing, but seeing his face in person... He was much more beautiful than Dream had realized.

Before he was aware of it himself, Dream had leaned over and pressed a light kiss to George's face, lips landing just below his right cheekbone. He felt George's face start to warm with a blush as he pulled away, his own face flushing warmer as well.

George looked away from the marine life and to Dream, redirecting his look of awe into a look of pure admiration as their eyes met, smiles soft and loving.

Dream could've melted right then and there under his gaze, feeling himself already getting lost in his rich, brown eyes. He wasn't even aware that George had leaned forward until he felt a pair of lips brush against the corner of his mouth, and after a moment of short-circuiting, he realized George had planted a kiss on his face in return, causing a large smile to grow on his face as George leaned away.

"Hi," Dream said impulsively, feelings of peace and delight overthrowing some of his rational thoughts.

George exhaled the beginning of a laugh. "Hi," he replied, smile growing as he spoke.

"You wanna go look at another area?" Dream asked, gently pulling George to follow him counter-clockwise around the central vivarium to walk out the second entrance to the room, placed across from the entrance they entered through. George giggled softly and picked up the slack, the nonverbal message of 'yes, let's go to another area' being clearly shown.

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Neither of them was actually sure coming to the aquarium counted as a date or not at first, as neither of them asked the other on one, but as they slowly made their way through the sights, they quickly and silently agreed that it might as well be one. They'd seen many groups of marine life, ranging from the tropical fish they were first greeted by, to the simple yet entertaining collections of coral and sea anemones. They were only halfway through the aquarium by the time the clock on their phones struck one in the afternoon, their stomachs beginning to make small growls with hunger. Deciding they needed a break in order to eat lunch, Dream guided George back to the front of the building, directing them towards a tiny food court that George failed to notice when they first walked in, hidden by the constant stream of people walking around. As they grew closer, hands still linked, they noticed a familiar face beginning to leave, and Sapnap grinned widely when he spotted his friends, sending them a nod in greeting before walking away, phone held up as if he

were vlogging, still talking with his girlfriend.

Dream and George shared a chuckle as they took their places in a small line, Dream quickly explaining what kind of food was available after the small moment of laughter floated away. When it came to their turn to order, they quickly told the worker what they wanted, Dream remorsefully slipping his hand from George's in order to open his wallet and pay for them. But as soon as his wallet hit the interior of his back pocket his left hand blindly felt for George's right and he began smiling as their fingers curled together, shifting to a more comfortable hold as Dream reached over and grabbed the paper bag of food that another employee was handing towards him, and George tugged Dream to one of the few free tables surrounding the tiny food stand. George sat down, but Dream quickly raced back over to the stand and bought two bottles of water, returning and sitting at the table with them.

"How's the aquarium been so far?" Dream asked after they took the first bites of their lunch, both of them having chosen sandwich wraps.

"I love it here, it's so pretty," George replied when his mouth was clear of food, "This is the first time I've been to one since I was a kid, too."

Dream nodded, smiling, since he was currently chewing. When he finished his current bite, he took a swallow of water before responding.

"We haven't been to my favorite parts yet," Dream said, "There's a really sweet touch pool, and something else, which is going to be a surprise."

"Oh? What's the surprise going to be about?" George asked, and Dream wheezed.

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, you idiot," he teased, 'you idiot' said almost like a pet name. "But I know you're going to love it."

"Okay..." George trailed off, playfully suspicious. He trusted Dream, and felt excited to see what the surprise was.

The two continued eating, shooting jokes and comments at each other, and unconscious to them, they had moved their feet so that George's right ankle and Dream's left were pressed together, Dream rocking his ankle side-to-side which unconsciously caused their ankles to tap together and for George to feel more relaxed.

They were together now, yet hardly anything changed. They still had their harmless banter, still had their teasing comments and genuine conversations. The only change was now they were more open to express the feelings they'd keep behind closed doors for so long, and it was more refreshing and exciting than a glass of a thirsty child's favorite drink being given to them by a trusted and loved guardian or companion. Their hearts felt full of content, the same feeling of relaxed warmth passing through their chests as sitting close to a lit fireplace on a quiet and cold night.

But underneath all of those happy feelings, bobbing just under the surface, were pools of pain and sadness, because in the back of their minds they knew, they knew that today was their last full day together for an unknown amount of time, and neither of them wanted it. But it was happening, inevitable, so they kept the sadness at bay and let their hearts love as much as possible, as much as they could. They were going to have one of the best days of their lives together, or go down trying.

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So that's why, when they finished eating and their water bottles were drained, Dream slipped his hand in George's and quickly dragged him to an area they hadn't been before.

George could barely keep up without breaking into a light jog, his legs weren't long enough to keep up with Dream's pace. He would've told him to slow down a little, but he could feel the excitement in his steps and see it in the gleam in his eyes, and noticed the determined smile set on his lips. George didn't know where they were going, but was excited nonetheless, smile growing into a grin as he heard Dream begin to childishly giggle as they got nearer to their destination.

Which turned out to be the touch pool that Dream had mentioned earlier. What he didn't mention, however, was that the touch pool was actually a room filled with at least eight large touch pools, each of them containing different species and breeds of small aquatic life, a main feature being stingrays and flatfish, one even containing a couple of small sharks.

George gasped almost dramatically, his excitement and childish happiness reaching a peak. It was his turn to drag Dream around now, pulling the taller man over to the nearest pool. Dream immediately stuck his free hand into the water, George hesitating for a moment before following Dream's lead.

The water was cool to the touch, increasing the relaxing atmosphere of the room. The room had the same translucent glass ceiling as before, providing the room with as much light as it needed. However, since the day was still overcast, the room was a lot dimmer than usual, and soft lights embedded in the walls gave an extra boost of warm lighting.

George made a happy noise as a sleek and smooth fish passed under his fingertips, darting between Dream's a moment later as it made a lap around the pool. "They feel funny."

"Yeah, that's one of the reasons I love these," Dream said with a smile, it growing as another fish passed through Dream's hand.

It was now George's turn to marvel at his partner. He was looking into the pool with a soft expression, gently swinging their linked hands back and forth. His attention was fully absorbed in watching the fish and stingrays pass under his hand, and George found the sight absolutely adorable. Remembering what Dream did to him earlier, George leaned in toward Dream, and pressed a chaste kiss on the corner of his mouth.

Dream's head snapped to George as he leaned back, briefly catching the beaming grin that was directed at him before Dream closed the distance between them and pressed a sweet kiss on his cheek, a direct reversal of what occurred earlier.

They shared a lighthearted and giddy laugh before Dream shook the water off of his hand and tugged George over to the next pool.

Almost a full hour had passed by the time they were finished visiting each pool, Dream deciding to tell George a very lengthy childhood story of some dumb thing he pulled at the touch pool they were standing at as a child, settling on telling more stories for the last couple of fools since the smiles George gave him were expressions he wanted to look at forever.

"What's next?" George happily asked as they walked out of the room, curious.

"We have one more thing, which is the surprise," Dream answered, and slowly led him to the last area they hadn't been to yet.

“Cover your eyes,” Dream said as they drew nearer. George complied, and covered his eyes with his left hand, right hand being grasped in Dream’s left hand.

“Don’t make me run into anything,” George warned, “or anyone.”

“I won’t,” Dream gently laughed. “I’m not going to make you run into anyone or anything.”

“I don’t trust you,” George shot back playfully, fully trusting him.

“Ouch, that hurt,” Dream joked, feigning pain, tightening his grip on George’s hand and tugging him forwards slightly. “You broke my heart!”

“Weak,” George simply commented, and they both laughed.

By the time their laughs settled into calm breathing, Dream was slowly their pace significantly into a shuffle, and George felt a breeze hit his exposed skin as they entered another room.

“Okay,” Dream almost whispered, “open them now.”

George uncovered his eyes, and a lot of blue light suddenly filled his vision. They had moved to a dark room, interior walls a black color, no lights located anywhere. The only source of light came from what made one of the ‘walls’ of the room, but in actuality, it was a wall of a huge tank. Inside the tank was an entire ecosystem of marine life, ranging from sea turtles and sharks to fish and coral. A whale shark slowly passed, and George let out a quiet gasp, absolutely taken by its calm beauty.

Not saying a word, Dream took George closer to the tank, its large size suddenly becoming apparent as they drew closer.

Even though it was his favorite part of the aquarium, having spent many hours combined standing in front of the vivarium to marvel at it, he couldn’t look away from George, indefinitely entranced by his bespelled expression, lips parted slightly in an awestruck manner, eyes widened with gentle delight.

Many emotions swirled through Dream, like leaves in a gust of wind. Peace rode with content, a gentle hum of happiness following it, and a combination of many other warm emotions coming after in a second gust, making urges begin to flutter in his stomach.

“It’s beautiful,” George whispered, and looked to Dream, holding the same expression he was holding when they first grew closer. The urges that once were tickling flutters suddenly grew and flew up his spine, causing him to shiver in the subtlest way.

But George seemed to catch it, catch the expression on his face and the way his eyes gleamed in the modest light. Dream watched as George’s face smoothed over into something unreadable yet understandable at the same time, and in a trance of mutual want and understanding, they leaned towards each other, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss, hands unlinking and sliding up their bodies to find more fitting positions.

“Oh my god tone down the PDA, you two,” a voice pointedly started them, and Dream and George jerked their faces away from each other to stare at who just spoke to them, faces blushing in embarrassment, because it was none other than Sapnap, smirking mischievously at them. His phone wasn’t in his hands anymore, having hung up with Rose at some point.

“You scared us!” George whisper-yelled at his friend, walking over and landing a good-hearted punch in his arm.

Sapnap snickered, shrugging away from George. “Not my fault,” he simply replied.

Dream laughed softly. “When did you get here?”

“About a minute ago. I was looking for you two.”

“Oh okay.”

The three of them held a small chat, giving quick recaps of where they all went, Dream only a little disappointed that Sapnap had interrupted them. He really wasn’t, though, they’d been in public, somewhere where PDA wasn’t the most appropriate thing.

Oh well, they’d have plenty of time to make up their interrupted kiss when they returned back home.

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“You have fun on the date?” Sapnap genuinely asked as Dream drove the car down the road near the aquarium they just left, George already drifting off as a very light drizzle came down from the sky, a small stingray plushie snuggled in his arms.

“Talking about that being the best date I’ve ever been on, yes, I had a lot of fun,” Dream happily replied. “How was your call with Rose?”

It was Sapnap’s turn to gush. “It was really sweet, she loved looking at the aquarium, even if it was through the phone.”

“You excited to get back to her tomorrow?” Dream asked, voice softening.

“Yeah...” he trailed off. “What about you? You upset that George is leaving tomorrow?”

“I’ve been internally praying all day that a hurricane hits Florida and delays all of the next week’s flights,” Dream replied, and Sapnap couldn’t tell if he was joking or not.

“But,” Dream carried on, Sapnap perking up at it, “I’m confident we can make it having a long-distance relationship. And if push comes to shove, I wouldn’t mind living in London.”

“That’s actually really sweet,” Sapnap complimented, feeling his heart melt. “See, I told you two were perfect for each other.”

“Shut the hell up before I reach back behind me and slap you,” Dream playfully warned, tossing his arm over the central console and sprawling his hand palm-up towards Sapnap to emphasize it. “Don’t make me do it.”

“You sound like my father,” Sapnap commented, feeling a weird sense of déjà vu. Didn’t he already say this before this week?

By the time Dream was pulling the car into his driveway, and Sapnap was shaking George awake, the clock on the dashboard read a quarter until four in the afternoon. Running a calculation through his mind, Dream found he had free time until five, where he planned to begin cooking the three a

meal by himself for their final night.

But by the time the clocks in the house hit five, Dream found he could not get up, George practically pinning him down into the couch as they watched TV, adamant on not moving, straddling his waist with his legs as he sat on him, arms pressed on his shoulders, faces only a foot away.

“I don’t care if I go hungry, you’re not moving,” George said, pressing himself against Dream even harder, making him sink further into the couch.

“What were you planning on making, anyways?” Sappnap asked out of curiosity, a second intention going over Dream’s head as he whined out his answer, classically being spaghetti.

“You have everything to make it?”

“Duh,” Dream bluntly replied, focussed on squirming from under George to budge him off. But like a koala to a tree, he was latched on and not going anywhere.

“Okay, I’ll make it then,” Sappnap offered, standing up from the love seat and striding towards the kitchen.

“What? No!” Dream discouraged. “You’re the guest!”

“But I’m not the one being straddled by his clingy boyfriend,” Sappnap bluntly fired back, making Dream freeze up as he took in what Sappnap said. “Besides, you said you suck at cooking pasta this morning, and I’m not eating shitty pasta.”

Dream seemed to contemplate his choices, but in reality, he’d already made his mind. After a couple of moments of silence, he let out a loud and annoyed-sounding groan before reaching up and wrapping an arm around George’s shoulders and bringing the man down onto his chest, beginning to laugh when George weakly tried resisting him.

And they remained in that position, George laying on Dream’s chest, straddling his waist, pinned down by Dream’s arm across the back of his neck. Surprisingly, it was very comfortable. While Sappnap, the ultimate friend, cooked spaghetti and occasionally threw comments or a sparing question at them, Dream and George continued to watch TV or quietly talked to each other about trivial topics, planting chaste kisses on each other’s faces when they thought the other wasn’t paying attention.

They were forced begrudgingly to sit up and go into the kitchen once Sappnap was finished with their food, and they ate, constantly cracking jokes and teases at each other the entire time.

Turns out Sappnap was a decent cook, and the spaghetti tasted just fine. George wouldn’t be honest though, if he said he wasn’t a little disappointed that he wasn’t able to taste what Dream’s pasta game was like, but he also thought he kind of deserved it, being the one who kept Dream on the couch when he was trying to get up.

Unlike the previous evenings, Sappnap did not join them in their shenanigans, telling them that he was going to take a shower, start packing, and video-call Rose again, and did just that. And unlike the previous evenings, Dream and George spent the evening curled up in Dream’s bed, cuddling and watching random videos of George’s laptop.

When evening turned to night, George was surprised when Dream slumped even deeper into George’s body and buried his face into the crook of his neck, a sad whining noise escaping from his mouth.



“What, are you tired?” George asked, prepared to turn his laptop’s volume and brightness down.

“No,” Dream mumbled, but due to his mouth being so close to his ear George heard him perfectly, and felt his throat vibrate with his words. “I just don’t want you to leave tomorrow. I’m going to miss you.”

George felt his heart ache. Softly closing his laptop, he shifted and wrapped both arms around his partner, resting his jaw against Dream’s head.

“I don’t want to leave either,” George replied, voice sad. “But if I don’t leave, my parents will probably think you’re holding me hostage.”

That managed to made Dream laugh a little, raising both of their moods. “Oh, so you haven’t told them yet?”

“I’m going to when I land tomorrow,” George said. “What about you? Have you told your mom that I’m actually your boyfriend now, or do I have to text her about that again?”

Dream began to laugh a little louder, mood continuously rising with each joke.

“I haven’t had the time to today,” he replied between a laugh, “I’ll call her tomorrow.”

“I want to hear her reaction, let’s call her in the morning.” They both erupted with a small fit of laughter at imagining how Dream’s mother was going to react, most likely thinking they’re joking again at first.

“I love you so much,” Dream said affectionately a few minutes later after George had opened his laptop again, snuggling deeper into George when he thought Dream was physically unable of doing so. Bumping his jaw against Dream’s head, he sighed in content and peace, heart and soul full of love.

“I love you too,” George replied. “And we’re going to make this work, I know we will.”

“I know,” Dream stated confident, lovingly. “I’m just going to miss you being here.”

“I’m going to miss being here too,” George said, nuzzling Dream his nose and hugging him tighter. “I’m going to miss you.”

“You better,” Dream joked, and they huffed out a few laughs before returning back to their videos, slowly dozing off to the autoplayed videos, muttering sweet nothings to each other and sharing a sweet, loving and affectionate kiss before falling asleep.

And if they held on to each other tighter that night than any night before, neither of them mentioned it. They really couldn't've anyways, since they were asleep.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope I balanced out that fluff with a little bit of bittersweetness towards the end uwu

Be sure to be on the lookout for the last chapter, it's going to be an emotional roller coaster for sure! Because I refuse to end this without a bang!

EDIT: OH MY FUCKING GOD SOMEONE DREW ME FANART OF THIS

CHAPTER AND IT'S LITERALLY THE CUTEST THING IN THE WORLD I  
ALREADY LINKED IN THE COMMENTS OF THIS CHAPTER BUT STILL JUST  
LOOK AT IT I STARTED CRYING WHEN I SAW IT

<https://www.instagram.com/p/CBmcRM9FlCc/?igshid=7kx7aoqrwkrw>

## Day 7: Tearful Goodbyes, Optimistic Futures

### Chapter Summary

It's time to say goodbye to each other, and to say hello to a new chapter in their lives.

### Chapter Notes

Oh my god. We made it. The final chapter. I almost cried writing this I'm ngl.  
I'm saving everything I want to say for the end... Just go ahead and read this chapter.  
I'll see you at the end of it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Morning came to them like the morning of a teenager who forgot to do their school project last-minute and had to come to class empty-handed.

It was dread. Pure, unfiltered dread.

They would've given anything to have been able to freeze time, to turn back the ticking clocks, turn back the rising sun. They wished that just for an hour, time would freeze, so they could hold onto each other for a little longer. Wished that it would begin to storm and flights would cancel. Wished that they could oversleep and George would miss his flight. Wished that they could just stay in each other's arms for just a while longer, just a little while longer.

But that would be unrealistic. It would be immature and childish.

And so the sun slowly rose, time continued as it inevitably does, and they were woken from gentle and warm slumbers- so safe and warm- by the shrill blaring of Dream's alarm that was set for seven in the morning, and with a groan that was equally tired and pissed off, Dream rolled over and slapped the sleep button before immediately rolling back to his previous position and diving back into George's welcoming arms, squeezing him tighter when George began holding on tighter.

"Screw my flight, I'm staying here," George quietly proclaimed with confidence, earning Dream's forehead to approach his and for them to rest together, both of their eyes shut.

"I wish you could, but you have to go back home," Dream replied, immediately getting a signature groan that toed the line of being a whine in reply from George, Dream feeling the slight vibration of the noise between his shoulder blades from where one of his hands rested.

They fell silent, the comfortable and soft atmosphere lulling them back to sleep. Their breathing slowly began to slow and deepen as they drifted off again, and they were almost back asleep when Dream's alarm went off for the second time, and instead of rolling over like the previous time, Dream began cursing as he ripped the blanket off of him and squirmed out of bed, angrily hitting the clock to turn the alarm off.

"That poor clock was just doing its job, Dream," George sleepily whined, waking up fast as he

lifted himself into a sitting position, cracking his knuckles and taking note of his laptop sitting closed near the end of the bed.

“I don’t care, I hate it,” Dream enunciated, sounding pissed off at the inanimate object.

“Dream...” George began, kicking the blanket off of him and standing, walking around the bed and over to Dream, encasing him in a hug from behind, his arms wrapping around the middle of his stomach. He chose not to continue what he was saying, instead choosing to bury his face in Dream’s back, hearing the bass in his voice as he spoke up quietly.

“I just don’t want you to be leaving...” Dream’s hands came up and covered George’s hands, his palms hot to the touch, feeling perfect against George’s naturally cold hands.

“I know, and I don’t want to leave either,” George said, hug tightening. They stood like that for who knows how long, until Dream slowly took ahold of George’s hands and unwrapped them from around him.

“We need to get ready,” he explained, walking over to his dresser that was beside the bedroom door. “I didn’t take a shower last night and I feel nasty, so I’m going to take one real quick.”

George spared a glance at his laptop that was still on the bed before looking back to Dream. “Alright, I’ll pack then.”

“And I’ll make sure Sapnap is awake, too.”

“Yeah.”

And so Dream left the room, and while he entered the guest bedroom to make sure Sapnap was awake, George quickly entered the bathroom and grabbed his toothbrush so he wouldn’t forget to pack it.

George spent the next five minutes picking up the few items that weren’t already in his suitcase or overnight bag and placing them in the proper container, having to squish the poor stingray plushie a little in order to close his luggage flat. By the time he sat his stuff in the living room next to Sapnap’s luggage, Dream was out of the shower, hair damp and quite apparent that he viciously rubbed his hair dry with a towel, dressed in a familiar blue hoodie and a pair of dark gray jeans. George began smiling when he recognized the hoodie as the same one he wore when they first met, smile matched by Dream when he saw him while walking down the hallway.

“I knew you’d recognize it,” Dream said, proud, and leaned forward, bringing their lips together for a short and chaste kiss that George gladly returned.

“I think I’ve been cursed,” Sapnap suddenly spoke up from down the hallway, a laugh in his voice, “This is the third time now.”

The two of them broke apart with a laugh, and Sapnap walked over to them, joining them in a brief walk to the kitchen.

“Did you two superglue your hands together yesterday?” Sapnap asked, pointing casually to their linked hands. “Because I swear I haven’t seen you two not holding hands since yesterday.”

“Sorry,” Dream apologized, letting go of George’s hand. They reached the kitchen, and George and Sapnap slid into two of the stools.

“Oh no, you two are fine, I was just teasing you two,” Sapnap clarified, earning a smile from his

two friends.

“Oh, okay,” Dream said with a small laugh. He reached into the pantry and pulled out two boxes of Poptarts.

“We want to leave at eight so we have plenty of time, and I’m not risking cooking anything,” Dream explained as he set the boxes down on the island, earning a “That’s fine” from Sapnap and an “Oh, alright” from George.

As Sapnap grabbed a strawberry package from one box, George grabbed one from the box labeled “Brown Sugar Cinnamon”, Dream left the kitchen for a quick moment before returning with his phone in hand.

“Calling someone?” George asked.

“My mom, remember?” Dream replied, scrolling through his contacts list. A small “Oh, right!” came from George as Dream pressed the call button, and similar to what Sapnap did yesterday, turned the speaker on and sat the phone on the island.

“Hello?” a voice unfamiliar to George and Sapnap responded after the phone rang for a bit.

“Hey mom!” Dream happily called at his phone. Oh, that was his mom.

“Oh, hey!” Dream’s mom replied just as happily. “What are you doing calling me at this time?”

“I’m driving my friends to the airport this morning,” Dream explained.

“Oh yeah, Nick and George, right?”

“Yeah.”

“So, what’re you calling about?” Dream’s mom questioned, curious. “Did they want to hear embarrassing childhood stories?”

“I think I got enough of those yesterday,” George commented from where he sat, the comment mainly going to Sapnap as a joke, but was picked up by the call.

“Oh, which one of your friends was that, honey?”

“That was George.”

“Oh, hello George,” Dream’s mom greeted. “How has your week been?”

“Amazing,” George replied truthfully.

“Oh, that great to hear. Was my son a good tour guide?”

Sapnap laughed. “Sure.”

“Oh, hello Nick, right?”

“Yes, hi.”

“So, what’re calling about, really?” Dream’s mom repeated a few moments after Sapnap’s greeting, curiosity growing.

Dream paused to swallow, suddenly unnecessarily nervous. "I have a surprise for you."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," Dream began, hesitating again before speaking up. "Me and George are boyfriends now."

The call fell silent for a few seconds before there was a reaction. And that reaction was a skeptical hum, and an equally skeptical "Is this another prank?" being asked.

Dream and George started laughing, not helping their cause.

"No!" Dream called out, shaking his head. "We're telling the truth this time!"

Again, the call fell silent before Dream's mother reacted.

"Oh!" was the final exclamation of surprise, before Dream's mother erupted into a laugh of her own, sounding suspiciously similar to Dream's own laugh. "I'm so sorry! I thought you were joking with me again!"

Dream's laughter grew with his mother's. George and Sapnap couldn't hold back against two contagious laughs, and George laughed harder while Sapnap began chuckling.

"Oh my, congratulations!" Dream's mom called when their laughs subsided. "When did you two get together?"

"Two nights ago," George replied for Dream.

"Awwww, that's sweet."

"Yeah, it is," Sapnap agreed. "Trust me, finally seeing these two together after a whole week of skirting around each other.... Best thing ever."

Dream's mom laughed again. To save himself from more embarrassment, Dream reached for his phone.

"Alright, I'm hanging up because we need to leave in a few minutes, bye mom!" Dream quickly said. "Love you!"

"Love you too! Take care!" Dream's mom replied equally quickly, knowing her son was about to hang up.

"You too!" Dream hung up before his mother had time to reply, pocketing his phone.

"Well, that went well!" George said, a large smile growing on his face.

"Well, of course it did, she said you were welcomed to the family, didn't she?" Sapnap asked, teasing. George started laughing.

"Oh yeah, she did say that!"

---

The happy atmosphere created by Dream's mom being supportive and happy began to deflate as

Sapnap and George put their things in the truck of Dream's car and got in, a curtain of sadness falling around them being the cause of the shift in the air. It seemed to suddenly just register to Dream and George that for real, this was happening, they were driving to the airport and would part for who knows how long.

They were holding hands again, the entire car ride. Hands clasped together strongly like the world would end if they let go, George tracing his thumb up and down along the heel of Dream's thumb in a showing of affection and support. Sapnap found it to be a rather bittersweet sight.

Which is why, ten minutes into the car ride, when Sapnap recognized the song that was playing on the radio, he asked one of them to turn the music up, and after George awkwardly turned up the song with his right hand, Sapnap began 'singing', which was actually screaming out-of-key.

That was able to fight back the gloomy atmosphere threatening to settle on them, and Dream and George quickly settled into 'singing' as well, the three of them screaming the lyrics they knew like a trio of lunatics, breaking out into laughs after each song ended, intently listening to see if they recognized the next song.

The ride to the airport seemed a lot shorter due to Sapnap's plan of distraction, going so far as to continue to scream and laugh while in the airport's parking lot finding a place to park, the two and a half hours that it took to arrive seeming to have passed in the blink of an eye.

"We probably should go and check you two into security," Dream said as he turned the car off. Sapnap could feel the atmosphere beginning to slip, and he wasn't so sure he could save it a second time.

"Yeah," he replied nonetheless, "Afterwards we can like, do something stupid or something to pass time."

George snorted. "Yeah, sure, and get kicked out or something for breaking shit."

More laughter came, and they finally unbuckled their seatbelts and got from the car, stretching their limbs out. Dream opened the trunk for Sapnap and George and they grabbed their things, and then they walked to the entrance of the airport, Dream holding onto George's hand tighter when he seemed to want to let go from the nervousness brought from the people around them, atmosphere slipping into one that read 'I don't want this' when the three of them stepped into the building.

Sapnap wanted to tell them it wasn't the end of the world and that they were going to see each other again, but deep down, he knew their mood just wasn't because George had to leave. He knew they didn't want to separate, didn't want an entire ocean to keep them apart, knew they didn't want to feel alone without being able to go to each other for physical comfort.

So Sapnap did the only thing he felt he could do in these types of situations, which was to distract them from thinking about it. Because he wasn't going to let his friends stay sad while he was still around, not on his watch.

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It took over an hour for the two travelers to get through security and they were finished close to noon, reminding all three of them why they disliked airports in general. But they made it through, and had taken to sit on some benches next to a window with the airport food they grabbed for lunch, the newly noon sun warming their backs.

“So,” Sapnap inquired, a little curious, “have you two talked about how long-distance is gonna be like?”

“Not really,” Dream answered honestly, poking at his food, not really that hungry.

“It shouldn’t be too difficult,” Sapnap told them, taking a quick bite of his food before continuing with his mouth full. “You two already spend a large portion of your days talking to each other, and you two practically aligned your sleep schedules to overlap so you two can spend more time together. It shouldn’t too hard I think.”

George and Dream paused, looking from Sapnap to each other, before the two of them started to break into a fit of giggles and wheezes.

“Oh my god we basically don’t have to change anything, do we?” George asked, a smile breaking onto his face.

“No, except we can facetime more, and I can have my camera on for it,” Dream replied, mirroring George’s smile with his own. Sapnap internally cheered, that seemed to have raised their moods.

He chuckled. “See? Nothing to worry about, you two will be perfectly fine.”

“Thanks, Sapnap,” Dream and George thanked him at the same time, shooting each other a playfully suspicious look afterwards.

“No problem,” was Sapnap’s amused reply, “Just make sure you two talk to each other. Communication is key.”

“We know *that*, Sapnap,” George whined, “You don’t have to mother hen us. We’re older than you!”

“But you’re both still more dense and awkward than me, which must mean something.”

“Oh can it, Sapitus Napitus.”

“Them’s fighting words, Dream.” Smiles were wide on their faces at that point, laughs beginning to bubble from them. The atmosphere had shifted back into a light one, like rays of sunlight peeking through an overcast sky.

But the weather never stays the same, and the same went to their moods. Not long after, Sapnap glanced at one of the analog clocks on the wall nearby, and abruptly stood.

“Shit, my flight’s leaving in twenty minutes, I need to go.”

The two heartbreaking frowns he was given almost made him sit back down.

“Noooo,” Dream sadly began, getting from his seat and wrapping his arms around Sapnap for a hug. “You can’t go.”

Another person joined the hug, and Sapnap couldn’t resist smiling when he found that George had joined, creating a group hug. “Awwww, but I have to, Dream.”

“Noooooooooooo,” George whined, “No, you can’t leave us.”

Their hug broke apart, Sapnap grabbing his luggage. “I have to, though, Rose is waiting for me.”

“Oh, well then screw us, go to her!” Dream said, a smile breaking onto his face. “Shoo!”



Sapnap began to laugh as he took a few steps away from them.

“Bye, you two.”

“Bye,” George said with a small smile as Dream wrapped an arm around George’s shoulders and said “Bye Sapnap, see you again sometime.”

And with that, Sapnap nodded, and turned around, walking away. He didn’t look back, but they knew he felt just as bittersweet as them. They were close friends, after all.

“He was like a brother to me,” George joked, making his voice sound like he about to cry.

“He’s not dead!” Dream exclaimed, laughing. “You can call him after you land!”

“I know,” George said, beginning to laugh as well. “I was joking.”

“Well, duh.” George stuck his tongue out at Dream, which was a bit of a mistake on his part, because that only made Dream lean forward and plant a light kiss on his cheek, making George turn red.

“Rude,” George accused, immediately chasing Dream’s face and kissing him on the cheek in return. “You need to warn me.”

“But that ruins the entire concept of surprise kisses,” Dream complained, linking their hands and pulling him in for another kiss on his face.

“You’re disgusting, I’m dumping you,” George joked, wiping the moisture off his face from where Dream had kissed him.

“I’ll cry,” Dream deadpanned playfully, and George giggled.

Turning back to the benches they were sitting on, Dream and George grabbed their half-eaten food and tossed them in the trash, not having been too hungry from a combination of nerves eating at the guts and because they had eaten not too long ago.

Returning to the benches, they sat practically glued together, not an atom of space between them as they cherished the last bit of physical contact for who knows how long.

“So when do you think we should tell our fans?” George began, opening a new conversation so they weren’t sitting in silence. Although the silence was more than comfortable between them, they would be lying if they said they didn’t want to hear each other’s voices in person more before they separated.

“I don’t know, but I think we should wait a while,” Dream answered. “I think if we told them right now, we’d get overwhelmed with reactions and it wouldn’t end up too good. I think we should wait at least a couple of months and then announce it.”

“Yeah, that makes sense,” George replied, unconsciously tracing an infinity symbol on Dream’s hand.

They fell silent for a couple of minutes, watching people walk by and the clock slowly tick towards two in the afternoon.

“This week has felt almost surreal,” Dream began the next conversation after watching the clock’s minute hand pass the two on the clock.

“Yeah, tell me about it,” George began to laugh lightly, “It’s felt like… seven minutes in heaven or something.”

“Seven minutes in heaven, but it’s seven days in Florida?” Dream joked, and after a moment George burst out laughing, dragging Dream into joining with a classic wheeze.

“That’s so stupid!” George said between a giggle. “Really!”

“Shut up, I wasn’t even trying,” Dream shot back. Their conversation lulled back into silence, and they seemed to press closer to each other although there wasn’t any space between them to begin with, their silence saying more to each other than if they were to talk, speaking volumes through simple touches and sighs, the same dread from that morning beginning to rise against as the minute hand passed the three, passed the four, the five, the six.

Dream squeezed George’s hand as the minute hand passed the seven on the clock on the wall across from them, an “I love you” being spoken through the tightening curl of his fingers. Dream knew George meant the same message when his hand squeezed back, and they held each other’s hand harder.

They held each other’s hands tighter as the clock’s hand hit the eight, “Don’t go” being mutually pleaded as they nonetheless began to stand silently, George grabbing his bag and luggage and them, hand-in-hand, slowly made their way to where George needed to be in order to board his plane. They didn’t want it to be real, they wanted to just hop back into Dream’s car and go back to his home and spend the rest of the day snuggling. But it was real.

People were already beginning to board by the time they approached, and they felt their stomachs drop hard, eyes faintly beginning to sting with the tell-tale sign that tears were about to start spilling.

Their chests began to hurt, an acidic fire eating at them, as they turned and enveloped each other in a bone-crushing hug that felt just right to them, heads tucked together.

“I love you so much,” Dream whispered into George’s ear, voice cracking at the end as the first tears began to well up and trickle down Dream’s face.

“I love you too,” George whispered back with a similar crack in his voice, a sudden gasp of air rattling through his body as he choked back a sob.

“Shhhhhh,” Dream hushed softly as George buried his face into Dream’s hoodie and sobbed, muffled by the fabric. More tears spilled down Dream’s face as he continued to hush, hand rubbing across George’s back in comfort. “It’s okay, it’s okay. We’ll see each other again soon, I promise.”

“I’ll-” a small sob interrupted him, “I’ll miss you. So much.” Dream hugged harder, closing his tear-filled eyes.

“I’ll miss you so much, too.”

“But we’ll see each other soon,” George said confidently, though quietly. “One day we’ll be back in an airport hugging each other hello.” He was beginning to calm down, sobs turning into small hyperventilating breaths.

“We better,” Dream said cheerful, sniffing.

“I need to go,” George whispered, as if he didn’t want Dream to hear.

“I know.” Dream’s hand slipped from George’s back to his face, and gently tilted his face up for a kiss.

Their kiss was desperate, every ounce of love and emotion put into it as if they were dying the next minute. More tears fell, from both of them this time, by the time they backed from the kiss.

“Goodbye, Dream, I love you,” George softly said.

“I love you too; Goodbye, George.”

And then George began walking. His pace was confident, steps even and posture straight. He was confident that wasn’t their last goodbye.

And as Dream watched George walk, he agreed. Pride and happiness began to flood his heart and soul. Yeah, they’d definitely meet up again.

As Dream wiped his face on the sleeve of his hoodie and looked back up, he was met with George looking back at him, a huge grin on his face, even though it was obvious he was crying just a minute ago.

Dream beamed back, feeling excitement rise as they mouthed one final “Goodbye” to each other.

And as George disappeared around the corner, Dream could help but marvel at everything around him. The last week, the feelings that bounced around and clashed inside him, the overwhelming love he felt.

His grin remained as he turned around, shoving his hands in his hoodie’s pocket, already missing the feeling of George’s hand in his own.

But it was alright. They weren’t going to be separated forever.

And that excited Dream.

He couldn’t wait for the future. For what it was going to throw at them next.

## Chapter End Notes

.... We did it. That’s the story, that’s the fic.

I can’t believe I finished it. This is the first time I’ve ever finished a multi-chaptered fanfic, ever. All previous attempts have failed. I honestly thought this would be another one of those fails, to be left on chapter 1 for months before I found the motivation to write, only to abandon the work on chapter 3. But no.

Because of you guys. From day 1, literally since the fic dropped, there’s been nothing but support. I know I spent a whole chapter thanking you guys but I’m thanking you again because without all the support, I never would’ve gotten this far. I know for a fact I wouldn’t have.

Also wtf I passed Chasing Snowflakes in wordcount???? How the FUCK- I swear it didn’t feel like I wrote that much but apparently I did?!

Also also.... Keep an eye out for me in the future, I kinda plan to take a crack at an au? Who knows?

Also x3, y'all caught like the last hour of George's stream yesterday, right? Like, what the hell even was that me and a bunch of friends went complete nuts lmao I refuse to believe he was not paid again to say it I refuse to get my hopes up again lmaooooo Anyways, just.... Thank you. Every single one of you who've read this fic. Thank you so much. While I'm writing this end note, I currently have over 300 kudos.... 300. That's insane, I can't believe it.

Thank you so much for reading. I love you guys.

## End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the first chapter!!! Please feel free to leave a comment if you like!

I'll try to post more chapters soon, but I have no clue how long I want this to be and also got summer assignments to work on so TwT

Anyways, hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!